

1960

Wednesday 5 October

Ruff's 14th, Feather's 9th, Shadow's 8th

and Dixie's 3rd seasons; and the 34th for the Fox double. Weather

too hot, leaves too dense, but we had to go out after waiting since the 1st on Saturday. Tried Stony River, using Ruff & Feather in the north cove. No Grouse. Ruff pointed the only game - a woodcock that rose and settled at once on the edge of thickets. I missed a fast try at the second flush.



RUFF POINTS

2:30 - 6:30 (4)

no grouse

no shots

1 woodcock

1 " shot - no hit

Too late to try the big country, we drove back to Pigeon Roost just over road and found it a blank. Used the blues in that area. ate dinner overlooking the top of the world at sunset and started home.

Ruff production on woodcock

Feather

Shadow

Dixie

Pleased that Ruff held up with no difficulty in intense heat.

Friday 7 October

: Again too hot, but tried Willet cove with Ruff & Dixie. Nothing except mass of unfrosted weeds, impenetrable to human and dog, tho Dixie bored under some.

Came to car and drove to Lowery swamp. Moved 3 grouse and one woodcock with no chance to shoot:

4:40 - 7:00 (2 hrs.)

(2 hrs.)

Ruff went home in late evening at home - very tired in bed.

3 grouse - 6 flushes

1 woodcock - 1 flush

Ruff

Dixie

George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Tuesday 11 October: Cabin 22! First trip in full color down here.

Started on Cassan Mountain on left of road, parking at old road. While not dense in sense of woods at home, we found the buckeye and blackberry thorns unkillable and a miserable chore for Ruff at face-level. Mark not one feather, tho we walked over to cliffs and then over productive last year. Saw up at 3 p.m.

at car, we drove to the "Gates", after stopping in to speak to the Thompsons. Parked at large aspens and within seconds of starting Dixie & Meadows, dropped a right-crowning woodcock that flushed from the dogs, seeming to materialize from air.



Hard hit, the bird must have been closer than I estimated, for the lower breast was torn.

Dixie found, and refused, the retrieve and Meadows came in and delivered nicely. We found less birds than in full flight, but enough to be exciting. Dixie flushed a grouse that went to a tree and reflected with no opportunity to shoot, and we soon moved other woodcock. Then in effort to avoid the densest thicket ("hard back"), we walked the old road toward the river, moving a bird from time to time but with no points that we could see. One cock flushed from the dogs skimming low along the road and I dropped it turning

takes it quarter away. Again, shadows retrieved.



As the afternoon cooled toward 6:00 and the sun dropped behind Canaan Mountain, it became easier to see, and we worked the woods aspen clumps. I saw Dixie but scent but she didn't stop and the cock flushed before she pointed. I dropped it as it leveled away against the opening of sky. The Remington 3-one ounce #8 load I was shooting seemed to be patterning beautifully in the right barrel and I felt at peace with life. Shadows brought the bird to hand and we started toward the car. Made another bird or so on the way before another shot offered itself — a right-quarter in the failing light that dropped in a clearing in full view, but it took the dogs a bit to locate it (scent seems faint). Four woodcock with four shells is the best I've done and we rather floated the rest of the way to the car. The evening flight had begun, about 7 pm first time, and we watched birds in pairs, singles, and threes flicker across the green-gold sky. One or two landed in the road and at the outer gate we saw three over the alders across the highway. (We had hunted along the river at the far end of the cove and there we made a trio of grouse.) Which we had no productive a cock-strings most we had seen in here.

we felt the day had been wonderful and that some of them must be early flight birds. Moved 14 before the dusk flight and saw ten more at least.

4 grouse - 4 flushes (no hits)

Ruff & Feathers

24 woodcock - 26 flushes

Deer

2:00 - 3:00 (1)

4 shots - 4 hits (woodcock)

Shadows - 4 ret. (each)

4:30 - 7:00 (2½)

To Cabin 22 and dinner before a fire. Good day.

Wednesday 12 October;

BC#18

Color like flames, mountain ash,

"mountain holly"

~~just chimney~~ (which I've never before seen unfrozen) everywhere.

We drove up Blackwater to Yellow Creek - I find we were on the wrong road last year, ending on Beaver Creek instead - and, parking, started with Ruff & Feathers. We found the dense cover along the stream impossible and so mostly operated along the road, letting the dogs - mostly Feathers, hunt the cover. Two single grouse flushed from above the road, one landing and taking a second flush, but both ended on the far side of Blackwater. Discouraged, we climbed the separating ridge and dropped over to Yellow Creek - good hemlock margin along the stream. After "peanuts" (version of afternoon tea) we started downstream. It was very hot, and only the intense color everywhere seemed worth all the effort. Then I saw a grouse flush from rhododendron on the far bank and, following, we missed it again. Ray marked the bird but we failed to locate it. Just as we moved a second and

working close, a third. It crossed left in front and I swung them and fired ahead and saw the bird go down, but winged. It landed in the stream and when I approached the



bank it was running along the water's edge with dozens of hiding places around it. It reversed itself at my call to Feathers, turning

downstream and scoting with its tail fan spread. Feathers arrived and in a moment located it, missed his first attempt, plunged into a pool and after a short grasp, lost the bird under water. I saw him peering as he tried to locate it again. What I thought was the goose floating partly submerged was a big mouthful of back feathers he had pulled out the first time. But in another moment he had it, and carried it dripping to me.

I tossed it out and let Buff make a "find & retrieve". It was a yearling hen.



FEATHERS'S AMPHIBIAN
RETRIEVE.

We were soon down to the car and drove it up Blackwater to a fork in the road,

parking at the bridge on the right.

We walked across and hunted along the road, giving shadows and Dixie a chance to open up. Up here saw a double daisy blooming in road, giving shadows and Dixie a chance to open up. Up here

Canaan Valley, broad with Cabin Mountain far away. It is fair
corn along the river with some expanses of woodcock swamp. We
moved a house, no view, from a little estuary of hemlock cover.

Then we were out of country to hunt except for the alders. The
dogs moved a woodcock soon after they entered and we got two
more flushes, the second of which I missed on a quick try.
About five or later, we turned to go back but decided to hunt the
lower margin of Canaan Mountain in bracken and briars, rather
than walk the open road.

We were approaching the edge of woods when a grouse
flushed from a low bush in front and went straight away, low.
I waited that important pause and fired, right on it, and saw it drop.
At my shot, a second bird flushed to the rear and left and
passed me to the woods above.



Shadows pounced thru the ferns,
leaping high to locate the bird
and in a while got the scent and
picked it up. On the way in he lay down, gasping from the heat,
and waited just a second too long. Miss Dixie took over and
retrieved the bird to me. Even she dropped it on the way in —
gentle-mouthed, but recovered and delivered. Again, a yearling hen.
It was a fine end to an afternoon. No more action the rest of the way
back. The birds seem to use the bracken and briars below

woods, especially in late afternoon. It was like last year on what I had that to be Yellow Creek. These birds were almost among blue berry and huckleberry bushes which were loaded with fruit, unfrozen.

1:35-3:35 (2)

4:00-6:00 (2)

Ward 8-10 flushes

2 shots - 2 hits

1 (WC) shot - no hit

Feathers { 1 ret.
1 kill
Ruff { 1 ret.
1 kill

Dixie { 1 ret.
1 kill
shadows { 1 ret.
1 kill

1st) yearling hen: inter. - tanks so small I failed to note inner band.
crop: piece of leaf, 1 berry bud

2nd) yearling hen: inter -
crop: blueberries, viburnum, grasshopper

So far Ruff has had no trouble, this heat is hard on him. Give him dilantin each a.m. hunt

Thursday 13 October: Checked out of Cabin 22 and took our birds, wrapped, to the Thompsons and left them in their refrigerator - too hot to leave in car. After conversation with Ben, we drove to Blackwater River beyond Cortland (finding notices on acres of country) and kept going until we emerged from them on Sand Run - a very unimposing piece of cover. Again, a long conversation with two stentorally dressed hunters in jeep - one, Dr. Lowman - dentist, from Buchanan was much taken by Shadow's looks. They were headed for Stony River Dam, "best hunting in the country." Day stayed in car

with the blues rather than cosp them up in the heat, and I took the rangers upstream and then downstream, moving a big gray doe for my trouble.

Going up we returned the long drag (spotting a good spruce swamp to east of road but too difficult to get at) and drove to "the bates", about the same time as Tuesday. Perked in aspens again and started the blues off, but with the variation of a stern caution to Shadows to be "careful", and instead of blowing the whistle which would have sent him barreling, I merely waved him on with a low "go on." It disturbed him, and in a moment he was back at my feet, looking up at me to ask why — very eager to please. I reassured him and sent him on, but he didn't cast out. Instead he was at my feet, refusing to move out. This continued as we hunted the cove on the right side of road. Dixie was hunting hard and a grouse flushed across far out.

Later I took a shot at a big hen woodcock, feeling myself that too soon as my eyes felt a sapling coming into my gun barrel.

I had to eventually take Shadows to the car and replace him with Feathers, who hunted beautifully and in fine range.

In spite of their searching the dogs seemed unable to find woodcock, other than one or two we heard go wild. As we worked thru a herd of Ben's cattle with one nasty white heifer that charged our way, we came ^{to} the area where we'd found a grouse on Tuesday. Today, no grouse, but I did see a woodcock bore out from Feathers in a ~~thorn~~ ^{thorn apple} thicket and come at me, low. I flourished my gun to put him over me, turned calling "Duck," to bang, and dropped the bird as it quartered away.



Dixie found and refused, and Feathers snapped it up without losing a step, and retrieved, the bird almost lost in his big mouth. We hunted all the cove we'd searched the other day except the area along Blackwater, but today they weren't here. A grouse had been drumming all the time we were here but I don't enjoy locating them that way unless I'm hard put. Dixie, however, heard a bird near the drumming but we later heard him beating away, so it must have been an admiring female. On the second flush across the road, Dixie was gone a long time with no sound from her, and we think she might have been pointing the grouse.

It was getting late, our ~~gun~~ ^{gun} down, and the cool, brown birds

moving to the road. We turned back and I made a deep circle around a clearing in the right of the road (south) and moved a couple of woodcock with no shots. Going back on the road, we saw a couple of flushes - one bird running like a quail on take-off. Not far from the car, a sudden flush on the left edge of the road gave us a shot that centered, and the bird tumbled among fatters.



Feathers found and retrieved and we called it a day. Thos 3-1-8 shells by Remington are, Bud Ross tells me, inferior. I like them that way. (10 shells, 2 grouse, 6 woodcock)

We changed clothes for our drive home, taking time to see the dusk flight. There was exactly one woodcock in the air as we reached the highway. Why, two days apart, it should be that way, I can't say.

We had moved 2 grouse (one new)
no shots

moved 13 woodcock and saw 1 more at dusk (none I count new)

3 shots (woodcock) - 2 hits

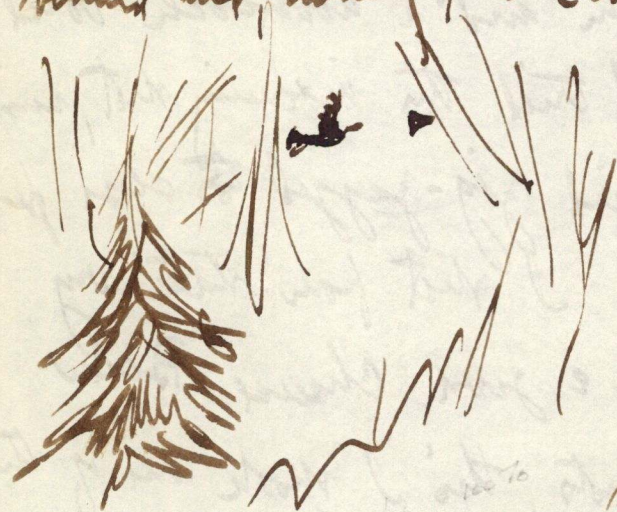
Puff
Feathers (2 woodcock ret)
Shadows

(no record of time)

Tuesday 18 October Second Blackwater trip. Perfect weather, "11/60"
met Mary Lee Settle at Lodge and hunted "22 Mile Grade"
toward Davis end, moving fire grouse and a woodcock with no
shots. One grouse zoomed directly over Jubel's head, crossing pipe
line but I dared not shoot. Jubel showed uneasiness at shot
Mary Lee had taken, returning to bed and not hunting. When
we moved to the area on the other side of Park along the Grade
he took new interest and hunted nicely. We separated, M.L.
going back to the car and Ray and I hunted around large
clearing on top of slope, dropping over to Lindy Run. On lovely
hillside Dixie pointed, then moved in and a woodcock bored
out low, directly at me. Fodderly, I tried the incoming shot, missed,
and wheeled, missing again as the bird zig-zagged too close for
a left barrel. On the next flush I shot from stationary
barrels, missing what should have been a good chance. Below
the road we moved three grouse, no shots, tho' I shook one of them
out of a spruce or hemlock above shadows. Beautiful cover and
stunning color, but too thick with foliage. Puff } 1st
Feathers }
march 8 - 9 flushes
no shots Dixie (prod w.c.) } 2nd
shadows }
flushed 2 woodcock - 3 flushes
(3 w.c. shots - no hit)

BC #19
Wednesday 19 October To Cabin Mountain in another bit
of perfect weather, mild, colorful. Parked at "trailer" and
started Feather & Ruff with Jubel who hunted nicely. Heard
one grouse flush from rhododendron above the tramroad and called
Lay & M.L. up. Failing to locate it, I made a big circle
to take Ruff & Feather back to car, taking in the knob
on the way back. Beyond a little run in large open timber
Feather saw a grouse that appeared to be settling into a tree,
but I could not move it. Working on into excellent mixed
evergreen and brush cover I heard the bird flush some pines
behind me, turning, took a long shot as it crossed to the right.

To my surprise, the bird folded
with a startling finality. As I
hurried back, estimating the location,
I decided to steer Feather away
in order to give Ruff the retrieval. After
several minutes empty search I began to



worry that neither would locate the bird, which almost had to
be dead. Several circles later I was getting most uneasy.
Feather was on a wide circle that seemed off-base, but
I suddenly saw him with the grouse in his mouth, very
intact. (These shells are most superior) It was a large cock
adult, somewhat unusual in the Blackwater area and a

dearly. Moving on, I sidled down the steep knob into
rather too open timber with rocks - and - fern floor. I
heard a bird go out and as I moved after it, Ruff went on
point at the general location. Certain he was on hot left-own
scent, I kept walking. ~~at~~ A grouse exploded a few feet
below, climbed acutely and leveled as I tried - again the
error of stationary barrels. It sailed too far around the
knob for me to find it. 



WHY WON'T I BELIEVE HIM?

at the station wagon, I switched dogs and cut shadows &
Dixie loose, too Ruff & Feathers indignation. I soon rejoined
Cary & M.L. and started up over the shoulder of ridge. On the
far winds, under a lowering lead-colored sky with spots of gold
against the purple mountains, we found for a bit to eat.
It had begun to sprinkle but the thing did not seem too solid
so we continued. Dixie had moved a grouse from a thicket
of ^{my. holly} fire cherry that seemed to ~~extend~~ down the slope.

We followed and heard several birds move out in front.
In the densest part, I saw a grouse flutter a few feet off
the ground close me and fall back as tho cuffed. Approaching
it, I stood on a rock to get a view and the bird
flushed very efficiently in a right quarter shot that
I caught at ~~just~~ ^{about} the ~~right~~ distance. It dropped
into deep weeds and in a short time Madove found and
brought it in, very hard hit. 

I had let Jubel smell my first bird, still warm, when
I joined the girls and he had picked it up and carried it to
M.L. very stylishly. This time I plucked the grouse and
had Jubel work in and find it which he did by scent,
pick it up and retrieve nicely to M.L. He had come in to
her at my shot, but worked out at once. Was he less intensely
interested and from then on worked well. I think those
two birds were excellent medicine for him. Certainly they
were for me!

We worked on and moved ~~the~~ ^{first} grouse altogether in
this area. Due to increasing sprinkles and late hour we turned
and worked back to the train road and to the car. Moved on
now below the path not far from the ~~train~~ ^{car} ~~road~~ ^{can}. ~~On~~

way back we stopped at Mr. Graham's and I saw his
big trout - brown & rainbow he has brought in in
buckets of water when taken from stream and planted in
his lovely springwater pool.

adult cock: solid yellow
eggs: empty
yearling cock: semi-solid yellow
eggs: empty

wood 10 - 13 flushes
shots - 2 hits

Ruff: 1 kill
1 prod. } 1st
Fletcher: 1 kill
1 ret

Graham says to stay on train road until
it crosses run (I think) about 1 mile,
then hunt the next mile for birds.

Shadon: 1 kill
1 ret } 2nd.
Dixie: 1 kill

Thursday 20 October It began raining in the night and was
pouring it down when we got up, and very cold - with fog.
It looked bad but we dug in at Cabin 6 and had a
wood fire for breakfast. Later I went in search of Mel Heath
in Davis to line him up the guide Leno and myself for
future trips while Ray & M.L. went to Thomas for M.L.
Brown legend. Met in Warden Hotel (where I ran into
a Mr. Cunningham from Okla. with a Mr. Rockwell from Pitts.)
Saw Mel Heath, and with weather cold but clearing, we
drove to 22 mile Grade beyond Park, leaving car at Smiley Run.
M.L. hunted alone with Jebel while Ray and I took all four
out the grade, moving not a feather.

a perfect team of four. Puff is just doing wonderfully, not
even stiff after his hunts. We came on a spectacular view of the
Blackwater Gorge. Having hunted about a mile or more we
turned back (to find Mr. L. had been to the station again and
gone again, leaving the key in the door, unlocked glove compartment
containing my billfold and .32 revolver.

Later found that Shadows had cut his right foot very
badly. ~~at Cabin~~ Mr. L. had moved two birds the night, missing
a shot at one. Jubal had come to heel and then gone out
again hunting well. I am delighted with his progress.
at Cabin we had a good dinner with yesterday's two birds.

none more

Puff
Feather
Shadows
Dixie

Friday 21 October Mr. L. took off with Jubal for her
whaling speaking engagement and I
& I checked out of Cabin 6 about eleven. The day was absolutely
clear, sunny and cold. We parked on Caven Mt. at Plantation
Trail and hunted out about a mile, using Puff & Feather.
One bird was wild near Devil's Rock.

Drove up to top of Canyon Mt. and out the top road clearing 33 at what seemed a perfect place. I thought I was the head of Sandy Run but it proved to be headwaters of a ^{Blackwater Creek} ~~run~~ that goes the other direction into Canyon Valley. We heard grouse drumming in the spruce thicket and, using Ruff again but this time with Dixie, we moved a few left ^{and} ~~quarter~~ ^{that} I missed (not with it). Failed to find it again and continued circle around the vast swamp. There were ^(not likely) ~~fire chasers~~ and robins but no birds. At head of gorge down east side of mountain we crossed into a hillside of wonderful cover - hemlocks, spruce, rhododendron and some hardwoods - much like our cover at home. Grouse were drumming all over the hill it seemed (proved to be Cooper's kind) and as we worked higher we heard two or three - but saw not a feather. Had a difficult time getting out, becoming involved in lower margin of growth with no paths. Came on road abruptly - very welcome - and walked it to car. This knob would be a honey if there were some way to see the birds. On the drive back the trail we saw a grouse heading to the left of road and I took shadows of Dixie back to the place (red with tobacco) and got a production from Dixie. But we moved to ~~stay~~ ^{and the bird flushed with}

160 18

no chance to shoot — to be lost in the dense spruce stands.
It was growing late and we waited an hour or two in the
"Gates" for woodcock so drove down the valley.

Kay let me out at 2nd gate and I started Dixie &
Shadows, who almost at once began his "psycho" act. I
made a circle to left of the road and was about to
join Kay when Walt Sesser drove out and stopped. I
stayed in the thicket until I was certain who it was, then
with no choice but to wait him out or hunt, took the latter
and left Kay to her fate. In one of the old clumps, Dixie
with crows all around us, made a lovely tail point —
stretched out on a woodcock.

The bird flicked out
low and straight away —
a fair try but I couldn't feel



IT HAD TO BE A WOODCOCK.

free to take it with Walt out there so closely. Moved the bird
wild on the next flush.

In a large circle around the hard-back jungle I finally
began moving woodcock with no look at them — lots of white wash.
Dixie made a nice point and I found a good flush.

more woodcock and at last the road. Far to the right I 20/19.
could see a car but felt I also saw Walt still there. I
crossed to the south side and began hunting west with the sun
directly in my eyes. This coast has that one bad feature.
Woodcock were flashing constantly and Dixie made another
miss point. Finally working nearly to avoid the sun, I
tried for a rising bird that pitched too soon - and missed.
at last Dixie pointed again. This time I prevented her
moving in after the point and, holding her steady with
"stay" I walked in and toward her. The cock coiled up
between us, rose, and not feeling it too close, I fired.
The bird disintegrated like a powdered clay target - one
wing sailing off like a fragment. Quabaro had not been
doing well at all and was not there to
retrieve. Dixie found the bird and seemed
a bit perturbed at its condition. It was
mostly skin and a piece of breast, but
I saved it for it was important - a kill over Dixie's point
at last Walt left and Kay joined me, but the evening had
set in. We heard the drumming from the spruce trees and
a couple more woodcocks - but no shots.

LIKE A POWDERED
CLAY.

George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Moved 5 houses on Cassin Mt. - 6 flushes

" 2 ^(not new) " in Gates - 2 "

Ruff
Feathers

~~no shot~~
1 shot - no hit

Waders

Moved 13 woodcock - 16 flushes

Dixie 2 prod grouse

2 shots (w.c.) - 1 hit

3 w.c.

1 kill
win

Dear home, eating on the way.

Tuesday 25 October

Opening of woodcock, according to Walt

Seven, and I that nostalgically of "The Gates" and wished we could have been there - except that Walt & Co. were due to take over for the balance of the week. (He later said they hit a huge flight this day - 70 flushes)

I took Dixie along to the old Scott place and had to hunt the paths with the woods summer-sense. I found grapes and greenbrier berries in abundance but few birds. First contact in lower corner above Willett swamp (one bird this year instead of five or more as in past). Moved it for 6 flushes but no work other than ground scent and bumping from Dixie.

Second bird above the Scott house site - only sound, with another drummer. Hunted across Barnes Run to old Och Frankhouse place - cut-out and seeming barren - and back the far side to move another drummer - #3. No look at him. Not a sign of woodcock in final cover. But up at last and

2/1/60

climbed hill to Scott place again where the drummer was
still going it. As I left I heard him do a variation -

(m9) drum diddy drum, drum, drum drum drum drum drum.

4½ hours of that kind of drill thru dense woods not even
willed as yet is too much

march 3 - 8 flurries
no nests

Dine.

(Hunted hard but no birds)

~~~~~

Wednesday 26 October To Whittell country with Kay and

all four, using Ruff and Shadows, with his foot wrapped in  
friction tape, in cover below Mrs. Craig's. Walked into a  
bird almost upon going into cover - from far side of beech tree  
with what seemed lots of beechnuts but when they appear

"blasted", as Ben Thompson says. Up the ridge we came onto  
the ascending road splashed with fresh cow droppings. I  
heard a flush, saw Shadows peering upward and heard the  
peeping of a tree toad - then the flush and he was coming  
on way thru thick foliage.

I fired swinging thru and ahead and  
the bird tumbled, fluttering furiously in the leaves - a head shot.  
Both Ruff & Shadows went in to retrieve, the motion attracted



Meadows who got to the bird and retrieved successfully. I was able to toss it out without Truff's seeing and had him search and locate by scent and deliver, sitting. Almost identical with a performance by these two last season not 300 yards away. Horse yarding cock - early bird.

On the way we skirted the head of cattle just beyond the corner of woods and came to nice rather open pastures with grapes but no birds. Followed old road that would stand some exploration later in year and then turned down the ridge moving me bird from Meadows, and a record that flushed to my left. My reflexes were too swift to restrain and I wasted a try at it going out low and through trees, one of which caught a lot of my pattern.

 Moved it again on following, and as near bird flushed near bottom. Ray took the car while I hunted to Mrs. Lewis. The

day was cloudy, warmer with threat of rain that seemed imminent and we got moving to the Calvert area. Paul and used Truff's & Dine up Calvert's hollow - Dine moved me into a tree (she's much too wild so far) and got a reflex. Later, one drummer moved wild - only 2 grouse in a big circle up Calvert's Hollow, across the upper mountain and down to



the road and across corner above Calverts. Not nearly enough  
ground for here. The woods are even denser up here on the  
mountain than at home - green as summer in many areas  
and the rest a half-green russet. It will be weeks  
before good shooting. 1st { Shadows hill, 1 net  
Puff hill, 1 net

✓  
yearling cock near 7-8 flaxus 2nd { Feather  
semi-inter; collar 2 shots - 1 hit { Dixie  
crop; empty

Friday 28 October: yesterday to Clumtarn for snow trail. Today  
perfect damp in woods, turning sunny for  
a while. Took Dixie & Puff & Houdershell to avoid dense foliage  
on high lands. Found woods very nice, some leaves in color but clear  
enough to allow shooting had there been any shots to try. Heard  
#1 beyond power line (Dixie was down in cave I couldn't see  
them but I have no firm notion she pointed.) Next action all  
the way back to area below Cuffs place - a bird Dixie ran into,  
but I saw that it was not a deliberate "bump." Heard a drummer  
very close in area beyond but did not hear it flush.

#3 was from Dixie in corner under steep hill and it crossed  
little handy. #4 was from edge of creek in flat hemlock woods  
just downstream. I had crossed to Ray Guthrie's side but the  
briars were too dense to cuff and I returned. Having hunted



the low cover back down I became involved in a rhododendron  
hell (too mild) and fought my way up a steep bank of it  
to the path. In margin below path at Capps Run a grouse, #5,  
flushed from a humlock and gave me a glimpse against the sky —  
enough to shoot and miss.



Followed and put up what must have been the  
same bird in rhododendron clump against hillside — for a  
perfectly healthy flight.

I kept Ruff out for what was probably a shade too long,  
but he did wonderfully, with frequent rests. Have given him his  
2 q. dilatins each a.m. I hunt him and he has had no  
episodes at all this year. This was the longest turn yet this season.  
Dixie works well but too impulsively, I think, and feel she is not  
bringing enough birds. Had to discipline her about refusing to  
hunt sides of path when ordered. Does it well enough on her own,  
but upon order insists upon my going in too.

Birds too scarce for good dog work a good shooting.

moved 5-6 flushes Ruff  
1 shot — no hit Dixie



Saturday 29 October a perfect bit of weather, moderately cool, sunny, and with Indian Summer haze. Hunted alone with Dixie & Feathers, driving via Pleasant Valley to Herman Dillow's house and hunting down right side of Rockville road. This covert is almost as in November and the dogs moved a bird almost at once. — no shot. Dixie pointed further along in the lower hemlock edge and two birds flushed when I sent her on in. Following, I worked around the shoulder — one of the birds left a hemlock and dropped below the road after the other one. I kept going to the lower line and in the semi-open hillside just inside, I saw Feathers run onto a grouse — # 4 — ~~under~~ under a rhododendron clump.

Unable to reach any of the birds or reflexes, I crossed the run and began hunting up the far side of the valley — keeping well down the slope. As I walked on old log road I saw Dixie prantic on scent ~~about~~ about with Feathers working ahead of me. The grouse flushed between the dogs and rose, quartering left — a rather long shot, but I fired going them a lead and the bird folded (again, these inferior shells).



Feathers made the retriever, delivering the bird, tail end in his huge mouth, and presenting it head-first.

It was a nice hen — small tail feathers but from the weight and the first pinions I would judge it an adult.





HEAD-FIRST

It was a nice shot and a gratifying one. I hunted up the valley nearly to the head, working higher and decided to try a likely corner above the path. No results.

But when I dropped back down, the two dogs just ahead of me almost ran over a grouse that flushed from the edge of the path — a clear shot as it pitched down into the creek, but I only walked on up the log road.

Once at the county road, I circled and came into the creek again upstream. The terrain flattens up here but the cover is dense red brush, crabapples, and rhododendron along the stream. Threw #7 across the creek, flushed it, and then walked up a drummer, #8. Heard another drummer that flushed wild, #9. At late afternoon with the damp coolness of dusk closing in, I was at an old empty farm against a hillside — a lovely situation with subdued color in remaining leaves — and an inviting woodcock bottom below. I couldn't resist it, and this was no more, I saw white-throat. And heard another drummer.

This may be a sparse season for grouse — too soon to determine — but I've never heard so many drumming grouse in all the events we've hunted.



Finally worked back to the station wagon with both Feathers and Dixie a bit tired and stale. Stopped on the way home to have my coffee & codices overlooking the vast Sandy Valley and the almost "endless mountains" around me. How I love them. This should be country to explore more than I have to date.

Moved 9 - 11 feathers Dixie 1 prod.  
 1 just - 1 hit 1 kill  
 Feather 1 kill

adult hen: inter. (this bird had the most pronounced sheath on both 1st primaries  
 crop: empty I've seen, indicating an adult. Yet tail seemed small  
 Center tail feather: 6"

Monday 31 October : To Blackwater for our 3rd trip. To meet Less & Peg in late afternoon, Ray and I went down to hunt the "hats" for woodcock. Rain began soon after leaving home, increasing until by Canaan Valley it was pouring. We tried waiting it out but it did no more than rain less hard at times. I finally put on rain chaps (with pants beneath and over) and wore a vinyl raincoat over shooting jacket and walked the road with Dixie & Feathers doing a fine job of cover work. Heard only one or two crows, with one fine production by Dixie - very solid and low-down, but as I stepped around the intervening cover she moved in and the woodcock took off - no shots. Back at Cabin 23 we found Peg & Less and the rain.





Tuesday 1 November : Our guide, Mel Heath, took Les and me to the old Dobbin Place, beyond the Park recreation area and lake; we however, drove via strip mine digging and walked a good  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile by Western Maryland tracks. The car is good and, according to Mel, not hunted as heavily as most. Les shot a woodcock as we began actual hunting. I made the first contact with grouse when a bird flushed ahead of Dixie from low spruce near a strip mine edge. The second bird not far beyond gave me a too-short look and I saw it bank and go on after I fired. No more flushes until on brink of the North Blackwater gorge I flushed #3 from pines and tried for it as it pitched down air, feeling myself short too soon.

If you can't get a long enough focus on a bird, you should not shoot.

after lunch we climbed and slid (Les on his ample seat-of-pants) down a strip mine high wall and hunted the lower edge back toward North Blackwater. A grouse flushed from Les & Mel toward me. I dared not shoot as an meower and, turning, missed it quartering away. Les & Mel flushed two more and working back on old tramroad at the main Blackwater Gorge I flushed 3 in beech types timber. Les missed a try along the tram and much later I missed a couple of singles that Dixie had located but failed to point. One of her



more sinful flushes came along the lower margin of woods<sup>29</sup><sub>160</sub>  
in that typical bracken and shrub open cover. She trailed  
the grouse and moved it out without stopping. It would have  
been a fine chance if I had a yard more view of its flight.  
but I fired anyway and missed.



LITTLE BITCH



This area is good but  
requires long walking to  
most birds, which seems  
the case in all the Cansan  
country this season. Well

Heath says in normal years we'd make  
thirty birds in the same place. On the tracks going back, both of us  
bone-tired, I took a sortie into an edge below near Pendleton Run  
hoping to make a woodcock. Instead, I moved a grouse that flew  
across the tracks within yards of Leo who carried, for some odd  
reason, an empty gun. This area should be reached by the  
Park road to the lake and merits further hunting.

made 13-18 flushes

4 shots - no hits

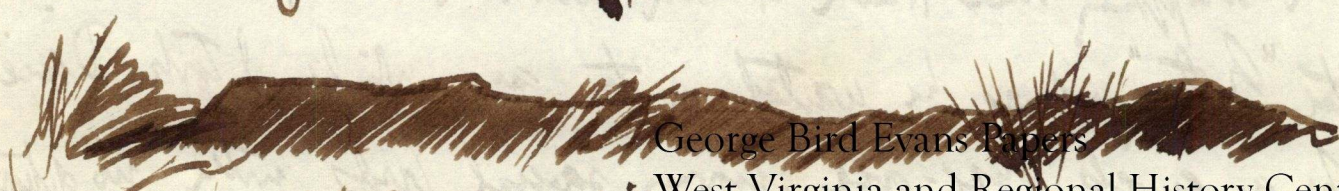
Dixie

Shel & Jimmy

after dropping Mel Heath at the Warden Hotel, Leo drove me to  
the "Gates" where he waited in the car while I took Dixie  
for a quick once-over, moving several birds with no opportunity



to shoot. The time is always short on these "stop-in" hunts and this  
run had dropped behind Cassan Mountain by the time I'd started.  
The three woodcock w'd now were near Leo's car and I felt were  
concentrating on the edges of the road. He took the shotgun up to  
the second gate and waited as I walked the road. Just before  
I reached the large twin clumps of aspen, two woodcock came  
flushing into view from the river on the left. One a  
yard or two ahead of the other, they will always hang silhouetted  
in my mind, a black against the green-gold sky above Cassan Mountain. I  
moving then the second bird and it folded as I fired, landing  
with a loud plop on the edge of the road as the first bird  
went on. It was a perfect opportunity for a true double and I  
suppose I would have had a chance if I were more nearly <sup>blood-</sup>thirsty.  
I try hard to shoot them and even this shot, actually a "dusking"  
shot, seemed justified to me. But I don't want to kill two of  
them that badly.



1 shot (w.c.) 1 hit



Wednesday 2 November

Les & I to Cabin Mountain, but path at far end of road and hunted straight out - moving on lone grouse. High wind and little hope of birds so returned to car where I started around shoulder in beech cove with Dixie and Shadows, having hunted Puff & Feathers on first lap. Les waited at station wagon but Feathers was having none and came thru the open window and joined us. The combination made for wide range and 2 grouse were moved for four flushes with no chance to fire a shot.

Climbing up over the shoulder to some clearings with the inevitable bracken, briars and mountain holly I came to a lovely opening of four or five acres. Dixie suddenly went into hot scent at a shrub surrounded with "wild raisins" (*Viburnum*) and circling to the far side most probably pointed. The grouse came out low and at my head. I had judgement enough to turn and holding fire until I could get "on" the bird, dropped it solidly.



HEAD-ON

The three dogs searched frantically but it was Feathers who found and delivered the bird - a yearling hen.

Altho' I went back for Les and took him to the clearing before hunting further (I felt certain there would be others) we moved on more. Hunting back to the car I had a similar experience below the road with a grouse boiling up from the brush and coming over my head. This time I could not get a long enough look at the bird after I turned and I missed it. *Other sketches and notes*



who were hunting this area later, made beautiful solid points that must have been recent hot spots but we found no bird. I returned and moved the car a couple of times and in that manner Les and I covered the road back to the trailer where we again parked and hunted out the tramroad. Les missed a woodcock that flushed on the path ahead and I, in turn, saw a grouse flush from the far edge of the woods across the swamp from the cabin where it had been brought a log. It also happened under shadowy woods but I could not see if it was a productive point.

made 6 - 8 flushes  
2 shots - 1 hit.

{ Dime 1 prod. 1 over point  
 { Fathens 1 h, 1 ret  
 { Meadows 1 h

yearling hen: inter. at bottom of mountain I tried a sortie into the bush on the old Dove place but crop: full of "wild raisins" (Coburnium) made nothing.

Thursday 3 November after last evening's conversation at dinner at the cabin with Dr. Van Ormer, Les and I hunted the Plantation Trail. With Crowl's station wagon parked at the Davis Trail on the Park road, the four of us drove <sup>in our</sup> to top of Canaan Mt. and Ray & Peg dropped us off at Flag Run Trail (Fire Line #4). The day was better cold with wind and snow flurries but we started down the mountain, checking any good openings to be with Les & Meadows and Les used shell. We made one bird with that Les heard & point behind



My first contact was on the edge of the new pipe line that  
 crosses <sup>obliquely</sup> Fire line #4 at Plantation Trail in a most confusing  
 manner. Just above the intersection I saw a big red grouse flush  
 from a brush pile on the edge of the pipe line (there are piles of  
 newly cut brush bordering both sides of the opening and it offers  
 what I think is the best hunting available. As I moved in  
 to the spot of flight, a second grouse flushed from the same  
 brush heap and bore across the right-of-way. I fired then  
 over and saw the bird fall, leaving a cluster of feathers floating  
 in the strong wind.



The grouse was on its  
 back fluttering in the

pipe line clearing when I stepped out and sent Dixie to retrieve,  
 which she did promptly and nicely. Moved #4 from the edge  
 not far below. I intend to investigate this pipe line as a long hunt-  
 ideal for one man on each side or, occasionally, one in the open.  
 The grouse was an adult hen.



After I joined Leo and we got our  
 bearings <sup>as to</sup> the indefinite and  
 nearly obliterated Plantation Trail, we

hunted south along the mountain through excellent country that  
 Dr. Van Dine said is the best area on this hunt but we heard only  
 one bird that crossed out ahead of me near a cliff.



We were, at Van Arman's suggestion, observing a strict code of silence — no voices and minimum whistle signals to dogs and between ourselves. As a result the dogs worked the best they've done on this trip, free of our handling. This works well provided the dog is not intent on coming out too far.

At the Davis Trail we took another rest and then started down the last segment of the hunt. There was an excellent bracken, holly, and small clump of thickset opening with a little run going down the middle. Les stayed at the Davis Trail in order not to lose it and I worked the clearing with Shadow & Dixie. Toward the lower edge Dixie began working scent very intently, pausing for a lovely point which she held while I walked in. It was so convincing that I was amazed when it proved unproductive. Seeing that nothing materialized, Dixie side stepped and came in from above, but there still was no bird. (Les later told me he had seen two grouse run out and cross the trail near this area and I think Dixie was working their scent. Shadow stopped at back point until I sent them on. In another adjacent opening below, Dixie made a production and I marked the direction of the bird.)



George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center







make an effort to be more exact in the location. I am certain the  
plover had not moved.

When I rejoined Less, he reported seeing two more flocks (perhaps  
his two summers?) This area looked promising but we found no  
further birds until we had walked our way down the trail thru  
heavy rhododendron stands and along a beautiful stream (Engel  
Run). In large hemlocks and hardwoods we made two singles,  
no more action all the way to the Park boundary (power line)  
and then car. This is a good hunt, but I think the stripes line would  
be better.

Moved 11 - 11 flocks  
2 shots - 2 hits

Dove 1 prod. 2 h. 2 ret  
Hudons 2 kills

adult hen: mountain holly, leaves, buds (crammed full)  
crop: ~~inter.~~

yearling cock: solid

crop: 2 buds (rhododendron<sup>sp</sup>?), fern, lance-shaped weed leaves.

We made the hunt in less time than we expected and after  
taking Less to the cabin and resting a moment, I gathered up  
Ruff & Teathers and drove to the "Gates". Woodcock were not plentiful  
but I had three tries - 2 much too erratic close flocks - and a  
miss over the alders that should not have been. This was my day for grouse.  
Saw a flight of 8 ducks at twilight. 3 shots w.c. - no hits.



Friday 4 November

Les & Peg left of home and Ray and I too

61/37

took our gear to Cabin Mountain, using all of them. We walked out the tramroad, not taking time to hunt the sides but striding out to the far end. at a clump of spruce we found the short-cut trail down over the valley and up to the tramroad again on the far side. This valley is a tributary of Stonewall and I wanted to try the far ridge.

The leaves are well off now, contrasting to the other trips — not in full color, and with foliage partly gone down here. Now the low brush is bare with red mountain holly berries growing. On our way thru the Andromeda country below Terra Alta, several pear trees were the last color notes — russet green pears, hanging loaded, against purple leather leaves.

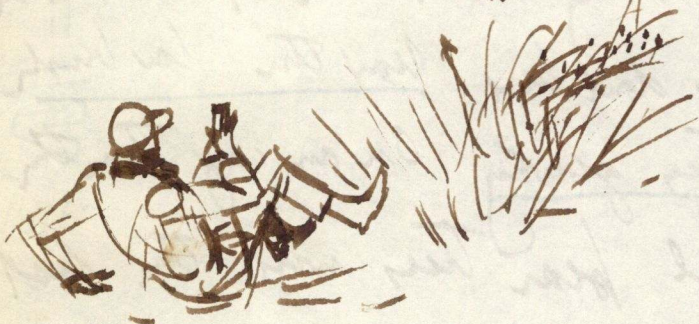


RUSSET-GREEN ON PURPLE LEATHER.

We worked up the slope above the tramroad into an orchard of holly. In a small clearing with bracken



dogs and came at us, passing to my left and too close to my.  
 He dropped, ~~tumbling~~<sup>rolling</sup> backward, and I swung then and fired. The bird  
 tumbled near an old stump. All four dogs began searching but it  
 was 7 seconds who made the find - too soon for Ruff. It was an adult  
 cock. We took time for lunch - and gloating over the bird, which I  
 credit to Kay's fast thinking. We worked the area above us after  
 lunch but found nothing.



On the way back I took the  
 three others with me while I led  
 Ruff across the valley on the trail,  
 and in some brush cover part way down.

It was #3.

I expected to find birds along the sunny side of the valley -  
 good rocky open cover but found nothing. Doubling back to the trans-  
 road at the house, we headed for the valley thicket where we'd found  
 6 with many less. Today there was no one home altho the dogs had  
 a promising scent. Clipping to the crest of the ridge we worked our  
 way to the top and at the saddle between Weiss Knob and the  
 first knob we had a view that was worth the entire week's trip -  
 the sun breaking thru clouds lit patches of Weiss Knob and  
 the entire lower Cansan Valley. Kay stood on the bald rocks beside  
 me, while the four dogs worked ~~scout~~<sup>in the brush</sup>, orange in the



late sunlight and hunting under a stiff wind. Immediately below 39  
them a holly thrush glowed red against black firs, covering the  
west shoulder of the mountain like gossamer. It was tremendous.

We felt the need to move on due to late hour and cold wind.  
Dropping over the shoulder to the east side we hunted on toward the  
back about the car. In the hard wind ahead I saw feathers wheel to  
his left and go into a point just a moment before a bird broke from  
the shoulder high barberry that nearly hid him. We followed into the  
big spruce and birch that topped the back but had no view of any flock.

We had gone beyond the point about the car and had to double  
back thru the area



where I had made the  
longest last  
trip. Still

laboring down, I

found that Ray was becoming too tired and directed her to the car and  
I moved ahead. We found a note on our windshield left by Walter Holt,  
who was based at the Hermitage at Petersburg. I took Dixie along for our  
near circle of the edge where Thubert had found a grouse when I was here  
Wed. with Leo. Points, scent but no bird. It was a wonderful day  
and we drove down in time for a short hunt in the Gales when I  
shot a woodcock in the large aspens by the road. Ray waited in the



car while I hunted Dixie & Feathers.

Ruff: 1 h - 1 net (out 4½ hours)

Feathers: 1 h - 1 net - 1 prod - 1 net w.c.

moved 4 grouse - 4 flushes

Dixie: 1 h

1 shot - 1 hit

Shadows: 1 h

adult cack: semi-solid leaves

Cops: 2 shoreland birds

1 shot w.c. - 1 hit

moved 8 w.c. - 10 flushes

Saturday 5 November was a bad chance from the start. Began  
sprinkling at Cabin 23 changing to downpour changing to snow. We  
gave up and left for home, encountering snow on Brainerd at Terra Alta.

Monday 7 November Drove to meet Gay Falkenstein at Terra Alta,  
on way to try Bayard country, but snow in the high altitudes turned us  
back. Dropping Ray and other boys at home, I went with Dixie in Gay's  
Opel to the Bob Brown farm (abandoned). This proved to be the  
Enchanted Valley of the Forest and we made birds in spite of some  
snow. Dressed in weather proof chaps between 2 pairs of pants and in  
snow boots, I was most comfortable. We made two grouse going down  
east side of the hollow, crossed, and with big rocks moved 3 more -  
one of which Gay tried for and missed on the second flush from a  
perch in top of a tree. After lunch below the "table rock" we  
circled and moved a bird from edge of "table" at Gay's voice  
calling him. He was using both "table" and "table" voices who



is still very green, not actually hunting yet. (I believe some pre-monsoon work on pheasants is a help). Heard two more birds on our way to road at head of valley but had no shots. My suggested driving to his much place - Early's - on the Greenwell - Fawcett Road where the much had seen two near the barn. We started almost at twilight but succeeded in moving forward - one of which I tried for at that late hour when failing light and state of mind are stacked against a hunt.

Disil  
 Enchanted Valley 8-10 flushes  
 Early's 4-5 flushes

1 shot - my last -  
 Think it best to hunt into Enchanted Valley either from forest road at Little Laurel along power line, or from forest

Tuesday 8 November

Election day. Had our two votes cancelled. I am sure, by the two people who followed us - Watson's - with possible exception of vote for Sheriff. Ray & I parked on Clifton Road at sandiest head, and took Feather and Puff up the valley to the country back of Williamson place. One grouse flushed in the car as Ray took a noise of the start. After that no more until on back road at head of hollow where a bird flushed from alders in swampy area - going out from Feather. Feather was hunting for under most of the tunnel and along the boundary. We moved



fire in that back area but most of the cover has gone too  
open and tall. One thick stand at right corner going in  
some possible and could well be reached from Mason Run  
creek. Coming back down the south side of hollow above the  
car, Kay saw a bird go out below path that I did not hear a  
see. I do not hear as well as Kay, I am sure, and yet I think  
my handicap today was the plastic-footed boots I wore. They  
interfered as I walked making a clucking sound, and the  
birds hearing just them sounded like someone hunting corn.

at car but Puff and Feather in (Puff hunted nearly 4 hours)  
and I took Dixie & Shadows to hunt the Williamson slope down to  
Mason Run where Kay met me later with the car, having just  
Brandenburg to wait. No birds at all on this sortie.

march 8- 11 places 1st { Feather  
no shots { Puff

2nd { Dixie  
Shadows

A relation between  
high rabbit & high grass

Friday 11 November <sup>Tram</sup> Armistice Day. We got the rabbit hunters  
started at Old Hemlock: Bud & Bill, Dwight, Royce and a third  
party; Dewalt and a friend. Then left for the Huffman place



about Homer & Lucy Millers. Perfectly beautiful weather - cold and sunny after a heavy frost. Parked in Huffmans woods (31 squirrel tails on his porch at house - "first to go") and started with Ruff and Feathers. I find that Ruff does as well or even better without the bell on me - following my clucking sounds and whistle signals. We hunted the corner below Smiths house - Ray took a bad fall, tripped by a head-on stick - and we moved on first bird just below the road to the Clint Beckert place at a point beyond Smiths' entrance gate. I misjudged the flight but Ray had it located accurately and we found it in the Smith corner - flushing wild from me. Feathers located it on the corner at the edge of the road near the intersection of the tramroad. While he did not freeze (tail still moving) I have to give him a production. The bird sailed out low and crossed the road at an angle offering too short a view to permit a swing with. I shot anyway and saw a few small feathers floating in the sunlight but the bird went on.



NOT QUITE SOLID



We followed across the hamroad and along the edge of rocks below but could not near the bird, altho both dogs searched hard. Kay took another bad spill on a wet rock and we returned to the station wagon and I changed to Dixie & Shadows while Kay stayed to rest up.

Both blues were too wild after the confinement (poor plan this hunting in two teams) and ran wild. I hunted the area below the car, around an old sawmill. Dixie jumped a bird from the rhododendrons along the run that went back where we'd hunted earlier. I crept below and back a nice log road thru excellent thick cover. Suddenly a big bird was coming over me from the dogs, offering a wonderful chance as it crossed the path overhead.

I don't know how I missed but it went on. I wheeled and caught it with the left barrel as it was away high. The bird folded and settled, fluttering, into dense rhododendron and rocks.



Both Dixie and Shadows raced to the spot and I let them search, assured that they would have no difficulty. After some time, I

saw they were circling too wide and sent them back in. I heard a fluttering sound when Shadows was working thru the bushes but



he disappeared without the bird. This was getting serious and I again sent them into the cover. In a few moments Dixie had the bird - a big one - and was climbing out of the rhododendron and onto the rock to deliver it - a big red-ruffed cock.



UP FROM THE TANGLE.

I found one more bird in the same covert lower on the ridge, crossed the run into a hell of dead rhododendron - worse than live rhododendron.

I'd been out an hour when I reached the car, picked up

1 day, Ruff & Feathers. ~~and~~ (Drove to tramroad intersection). Hunted out the tramroad (moving as bird wild before the rocks) all the way to Peckham Run. Up the run to upper path and back in fading light with no more flashes.

round 5 - 7 flushed  
3 shots - 1 hit

1st. { Feathers: 1 mod.  
Ruff

adult cock: red, ~~semi-adult~~  
crop: empty

2nd. { Dixie: 1k. 1 ret  
Markings: 1k

Had visit with Amy & Homer, then to the Matyzers when we'd been invited for dinner.



Saturday 12 November Whetsell country on another perfect day - cool and sunny. Tried the Peter McGinnis place across from Mrs. Craig, seeing Peter's signs on the gate: No hunting 300 yds of house, no shooting Quail or Pheasants, No Woodcock, No Deer. Having been forewarned by Mrs. Craig that Peter was "into" a batch of home brew, I found him butchering a hog, assisted by Remint Albert and two boys who bore a striking resemblance to the hog but not scalded as clean. Peter was most hospitable and beyond a "rheumy" eye, I could see no sign of the home brew.

I hunted, using Dixie and Feather, along a strip, ridge and over the flat behind the Ed Whetsell cottage. The cover was beautiful but we hunted a long time before moving a bird ahead of Dixie. This D & F combination is not a good one, each seeming to stimulate the other. We did not flush the grouse, and stopped for lunch in wonderful cover - open but good popovers.

In the bottom, they saw a woodcock flush from me - I had not seen it rise - and as we passed, a second woodcock flushed in the same direction - then we heard a grouse. Going after the woodcock we came to a lovely corner below a newly bulldozed road. Both birds almost had to be there but neither dog was fitting scent.

Suddenly a woodcock flushed from under Feather's nose as he worked the bottom - offering a rather slimy chance. I swung to portside



and the bird, a rising left-away, dropped, leaving a pattern-sized circle of feathers floating in a stroke of sunlight.



Feather had little trouble locating the dead bird and retrieved.

Running about he soon ran into and flushed the second

woodcock on the edge of the old road where it had lain and let us walk within yards of it. We were unable to flush it but Feather bumped a third on the way up the hollow. After this, everything went wrong.

Both dogs hunted too wide and I blew up. Dixie flushed a bird into a tree way above us, barking. I refused to encourage her in this and after calling Feather in and reprimanding him, did the same to Dixie when she finally came back. The latter did come when I saw Feather go into a flash point on the edge of the clearing ahead, then wagging his tail madly, plunges in and bumps the bird. I gave him a thorough shaking up, made him stand at the point of flush while I walked in.

Later moved a bird for 3 flushes on edge of cover above Peter's house, finally returning car to take Ruff & Madam up for a short hunt in cove below Craig. Kay stayed at the house.



no contacts. On way back down, walked into a bird that flushed on the point where we shot a bird with Ruffed Grouse last year. It was getting dark and the rise was rather long - rising and away, like the woodcock shot. I missed.

Worked rough cover and arrived at Craig's house about dark.



missed 6-8 flushes 1st { Feathers: 1 prod Canada protest  
Dixie  
2nd. { Ruffed  
Grouse  
(missed 3 W.C.  
1 shot W.C. - 1 hit)

On way home, stopped to change boots and they took wheel. In opening the door I must have kicked the woodcock out for we could not find it when we arrived home. Today I learned two lessons: carry guns in another part of car; do not hunt Feathers and Dixie together.

Monday 14 November

Hunted area between Jim Collins & upper Laurel Run near Lake of the Woods, starting down a tributary of Laurel below Mountain Grove Church. Ray & I and Dixie alone. The country is wild but not as promising as I'd hoped. Heard one bird in alder bottom soon after starting. Second bird near Beaver dam, in red oak scrub. Followed and got a glimpse of the flock - crossing right well out and high. I tried them the thick scrub and to my surprise the bird fell up the hill in front of Ray. Dixie made the retreat, an adult hen. We dropped down to an alder scrub and ate lunch. This is the first rough beaver house I've seen. After lunch we



worked across the next tributary and around the shoulder (through the  
best grapes and cover we saw, moving # 3) to Laurel Run. Even  
down here in the woods there are posters. I've never seen so much  
unbroken posted land.



Found Laurel Run a  
lovely trout-looking stream  
up here but no birds. as

we climbed the ridge & head back toward the car Dixie began  
talking. I tried to coax her on but at the top we came to an edge  
with a good brush tangle. When I sent her in, she merely stood,  
looking stupid. A quon flushed and my reflex to fire was too much  
to restrain. Dixie hunted cautiously for a while but when I came  
back from talking to a chap who belonged to the "Rhododendron Club"  
(he was shooting a pistol up on the road) Miss Dixie refused to enter  
the woods and hunt when I directed her. What followed was an  
unfortunate incident all round and broke up the day. You can't  
force what won't be forced and as walked to the car, by-passing good  
cover. most distressing. A warm day - cloudy and dry.

moved 4-6 flocks  
2 shots - 1 hit  
Dixie 1 kill  
1 net

adult hen: inter  
crop: empty





Tuesday 15 November met Gay Falkenstein in Tena Alta and we  
proceeded to Bayard, turning up the mountain  
road to Mr Clarence Friend place (3½ miles) the day was warm  
and partly sunny, but no rain developed as promised and we were  
grateful. I started Dixie & Puff (Gay and my Primer) and they  
followed the tramroad while we worked below her. This is lovely country  
with vast areas as possibly birds country. In a swamp in the  
bottom Dixie moved a bird. Later she moved two more (with no  
indication of painting). On #3, a beautiful night-crowling rising  
shot that was the nicest chance I've had all year, I missed —  
now I'll try to describe. all I know is that I must have pulled  
up in front instead of surrounding them from behind, a most important  
element. From the ground was surprised, I'm certain.



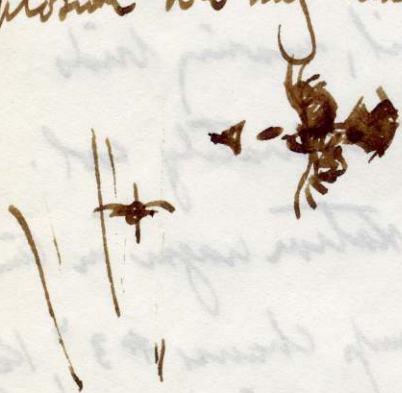
Gay heard the bird flush later, in front of  
Dixie. We worked into huge <sup>tumblers</sup> - turkey  
woods - and turned back. Out ahead I saw Dixie <sup>wheel in</sup> ~~before~~ her  
tracks and land on four feet, 90° to her line of travel. I called to  
caution her, but she ignored me. Moving in, she bumped 2 birds —  
got flushed and put out #3, then #4, and as I yelled my  
lungs out, #5 went from the same spot. She was hunting beautifully  
today, as if to try to make up for yesterday's fiasco, but she



no sign of holding a point. I stood her up after shaking her,  $5/160$   
and made her stay.

Following, we made only one of the four that I was certain we'd find,  
which I missed on a chance try. Key decided to take Ruff & the car  
and left us at 5:00 while Gay and I turned back to roam the  
area unsuccessfully. Dred so across the river and was the #3 find from a  
hundred for two flocks and 2 tries by Gay. On the way in, we  
separated, Gay into higher land where he found promising cover - and  
2 birds - missed a 2 shot try.

I was on the tramroad about dusk - below the cars. Stepping up  
into a bank in trees that had been cut that afternoon, I heard an  
explosion over my head and a grouse tore out from a small bunch.



I shot, apparently too  
quickly with the first band,  
recovered to take a moment to  
hold on the going-away drop,

fired and ~~and~~, a moment later, saw the

bird settle, fluttering, out the tramroad. Dixie dashed out in the  
growing dark ~~and~~ when I arrived she had the grouse, crippled with a broken  
right wing, in a wet area below the train. She retrieved it well, a  
yearling cock with a half missing tail fan, partly grown out in replacement feathers  
(on dressing it, Key found shot in the body cavity and one hip) Placed the bird for Pines  
to find when ~~Key~~ came down. A good ~~and~~ an ~~unfortunate~~ day.



Discie turned in a beautiful days' ground work, - all but the hunting.  
Unfortunatly, Shadows & Feather missed out, spending the day in the  
station wagon. They retaliated by putting cow manure & feathers all  
it; Shadows rolled in it. I guess I had it coming to me.  
march 11 - 16 flaps Discie 1 prod. 1 ret.  
4 shots - 1 hit Ruff 1 kill

yearling oak: scid (tail for half grown in replacement)  
crops: beechnuts (mostly), Talcum, bird buds, leaves.

Good place to revisit

Thursday 17 November Fourth trip to Blackwater - to cabin 21  
with Herman Hudson. Drove to Canaan Mt. road, parked at bike line  
and hunted down to Plantation trail, out to Davis trail, moving birds  
with fair frequency. Day was perfect, sunny and moderately cool.  
We used Discie & Shadows, hoping to return to station wagon in time to  
get Ruff & Feather's turn. After crossing "pump channel #3", Ray  
and I climbed shortclimb rope to a nice shoulder with a clearing  
and excellent bird cover. The dogs, working a good bit too far out, missed  
a bird that I saw coming over way. It was one of the few times I've  
deliberately told myself to wait and not mount until the bird was  
directly opposite me in a right-crossing flight. Then, swinging  
through and firing as I got ahead, I saw the power felt



and tumble in a solid hit - one of the clearest shots I remember.

Shadows made the



retriever - a beautiful cock, a yearling according to the feather rule but a mighty large one.

at the intersection of Davis & Plantation trails, we worked the excellent cover and made eight, where Herman got several shots. It was rather late as we started up Davis trail toward the top, and I hunted the side cover while Herman took the path, ~~being~~ our lead. at the top level I happened to be on the path, ahead, and saw a grouse in a small spruce, silhouetted against the sky. Backtracking, I had Herman stop in for the shot. He mentioned that there were two. When the flush came - Herman missing the going away shot and I the right crosser, there were three birds. An exciting end to the day.



THREE IN A  
SPRUCE TREE.



My bird landed much too soon, and yet, I am certain it was not hit - merely flushed. We ran up, I say & I, and I saw the bird on the ground under a tree. But its action was not that of a winged bird. It stood erect, alert and twitching with each step.

I tried unsuccessfully to work the dog to it soon enough. For my night, I ran around some intervening cover and never heard nor saw further sign of the bird. We had to give up.



further hunting because of lack of light. and we didn't get 5  
work Puff & Feather. However, it was a big day.

scored 20 - 23 flashes Dixie hill,

2 shots - 1 hit

Shelous hill, 1 retriever.

yearling cork: semi-inter.

crop: field-mat. holly, winged maple seeds, green leaves

Friday 18 November Another perfect day and we headed for  
the Whittier country to hunt Snallow Rock Run. This  
is steep mountain country with level valley land below Harmon.  
First we took Puff & Feather for a turn along the bottom,  
morning air.

Then with Dixie & Shelous, we started the stream crossing  
(Gandy Run) and clinging to a steep bank above the  
spectacular undercut rock that must give the tributary its name.  
we made our way around the feet of the almost vertical slope.  
Dixie & Shelous would move a grouse from the wide fringe of rhododendron  
that bordered the more than sheer drop. The bird bore straight across  
space to the bottom land and Dixie & Shelous went after it and  
disappeared in the thick cover. It was a bad moment, for I knew  
they would plunge over with no thought of anything but the bird of prey.



went too far. We could only hold on, whistle a call, and wait. Hudson came first, but it took Dixie an agonizing time to show.

This country is not game country, too big, too open, too steep - but we did make a group in some spruce among bushes on the point between the forks. Herman missed a couple of shots, and I did not get my gun up all day. It was quelling work, very little hope of the shot that did not come - and after the long trek up and back - both Ray & Herman had bad falls - we decided to make Gandy buckle and change to dry clothes at the car rather than skirt the cliff again. We did - Gandy <sup>has</sup> the steepest <sup>rocks</sup> in the world, and the coldest water. But we soon changed and got started back, driving in the dark - a 64 inch round trip and a day wasted. There was a magnificent view all the way down in the day light - and from the upper end of the hunt, looking toward Elkins. 12-17 flocks. Ruff & Tattlers. Dixie & Hudson.

Saturday 19 November Helen Hindman joined us at the cabin this evening and she & Ray spent the day together while Herman & I hunted the Davis trail to Plantation. Today there seemed no birds in the same place. Weather was still perfect and on first turn was with Ruff & Tattlers down the bike line to Plantation. <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> <sup>West Virginia and Regional History Center</sup>



3 birds, one of which Herman shot and which feathers retrieved after a long search for it, crippled and running. Back at car we saw Dr. Van Ormer & Dr. Cook, talked and then moved to Davis trail. At Davis & Plantation we missed only one of the 8. Herman also shot it. The Plantation trail south is only fair, tho we missed several new birds. But Davis was moving too precipitately and I had no shots all day. Darkness was catching us and instead of hunting to the Sindy trail, we took Fire line #6 up the mountain. This veered south and was much more than the mill noted. We came out at dark on Canaan Mt. road at station 43 and walked the long drag to the car at station #28 (too much at the end with no shooting potential).

Moved 12 (5 new) - 14 flocks. Feathers & Ruff 1st.  
Dixie & Nelson 2nd.  
no shots.

(Ray & I considered staying on thru Sunday at cabin 21 and hunting Monday & Tuesday, but the weather looked bad and we gave it up and drove home, arriving at dark.) Only 2 shots in entire 3 day trip.

Monday 21 November Ray stayed home while I took Ruff & Dixie to the good looking country we saw from the far end of the Terra Alta Turnpike beyond Possum Hollow. It is one of the main forks of Dority and as I drove down the old road and parked, it looked better & better. This is a hollow between steep shoulders of the Brierley and is almost perfect game cover - not one hundred yards with huckleberries and lots of blackberry bears that time of year as you know them.



6951  
Having moved on a two on the way down, I really got into good cover after lunch — the sunny right slope, steep, tangled and almost impenetrable. On the upper margin I moved a pair, one of which I missed by trying to lead instead of pulling right on it as it rose.



Working the top I came on another bird that flushed and pitched; later, another. Walking a path along the steep face of the ridge, I heard a flush from a small hemlock at the side

of the road. I waited till the grass showed, climbing and away right. I couldn't see how I missed, tried and missed with the left as it quartered right over the shoulder. Very disconcerting when you've done all the right things you know to do. Following, I came into excellent thick cover, footing abominable, spotted with logs, hemlocks and brush. It was on the shadowy side of the other main fork of Dority that leads to Porcum Hollow. In my effort to reach the bird, I doubled back



SHOULD HAVE  
HAD HIM.

to the site of flush, stopped and ate more lunch, then hunted back onto the shady side. Taking our old path that leads up the hollow, I heard Dixie bark at a tree's foot. After she joined me, it was too late to hunt further up and so I turned back down the path.



Within minutes a bird flushed from below (ahead of her) and  
crossed to the left, giving me a short exposure. I fired,  
missing then the bird, but the glimpse was so short I lost sight  
of the grouse as I shot. Something, however, seemed to be right, and  
I hurried around the intervening brush cover in time to see a lone  
feather floating down, then another. The grouse was nowhere in view,  
and I ordered Ruff to fetch. I  
was certain the bird was further out in some  
tangled briars and when Dixie came on the  
scene I sent her in. It took her only  
a moment to list the scent and work under a mean tangle of vines,  
hemlocks and briars. But there was that gratifying flutter and in a  
moment she came out carrying a huge cock, wing tipped and leg broken.  
Even in the fading light I could see that it was a red bronze and a  
beauty. I dispatched it and tossed it out for Ruff to find. He did and  
made a lovely retriever in full style. On the way back I held to the  
same side of the hill, lower down, on a road that looked out over a vast area  
of hemlock cover, perfect refuge for birds. In the bottom Dixie moved a  
pair, and on the way to the car we moved several more, with a production  
by Dixie. This was hard cover for Ruff but he did well - four hours of it.  
Dixie hunted beautifully if a bit too wide. I feel this is an important  
discovery for it offers a lot of territory if I can get into it early  
enough to work it and get out by dark.





known by many bird hunters. One detail I want to mention  
was that arriving today I passed a barnyard on the upper road with Hereford  
lying about. One burly old cow with one long curved-down horn was  
lying down with her face lovingly rubbed into her young calf that stood  
with its head over its mothers face - very cozy.

Mead 11 - 14 flushes

Dixie 1 prod., 1 kill, 1 retriever

4 shots - 1 hit

Buff 1 kill, 1 retriever

adult cove: red, solid

cove: grapples

~~~~~ Passing farm (above) and game cow & calf  
with faces together today.

Tuesday 22 November

To Bayard with Guy Falchertine, taking Dixie along
with his Gun and Primer. We tried a piece of land

on the head of a branch of Buffalo Creek that had lots of birds (8 for 10)
but also lots of thick cover. So thick that on a nice point of Dixie's I
could not raise my gun to shoot at either of two birds. Spent some time
searching for Primer who got separated, then at 5:00 drove to Clarence
Frend's place and hunted the swamp - head of Difficult Run - where we'd
made a number of birds last time. This time we made only 2 of them
for 4 flushes. No shooting.

Buffalo: made 8 - 10 flushes

Dixie: 2 prod.

Difficult: made 2 (not new) - 4 flushes

No shots

(Too many no-shot days)

~~~~~  
Weather overcast, but good enough  
'the ~~storm~~ <sup>rain</sup> impending.



Wednesday 23 November Took Ruff & Feathers to the Hendershill place leaving Dixie & Melons in the station wagon. Ray was out for first hunt this week. It had rained overnight and then a.m. but cleared and became cold, turning into a perfect day - quiet and damp with sun. Ruff, without his delirium today, did beautifully and seemed more alert than he did two years ago. Unfortunately, he gets little chance to find birds with Feathers out there. Feathers, on the other hand, did seem to be trying to hunt to me today after his lay-off, and ranged within fair limitations. But try as he would, he seems unable to point and hold birds. His nose is keen enough to find them but he lacks the pointing urge. We did not begin to see any number of birds until toward 5:00 p.m. but as we hunted back along the lower path we made them (a Feathers did) consistently. 14 or 15 flushes, and I feel Feathers made 13 of them without a point. After the last group (4) had gone, he then pointed most staunchly. In eight years he hasn't learned and I think I am wasting time. I am not getting any younger and I want my shooting days to contain some dog work. On the last climb up the hill, Ruff pointed and Feathers flushed a bird. Mark 14-15 flushes (9 new) No shots Ruff: 1 productive Feathers

Too late to get Dixie & Melons out

Thursday 24 November Thanksgiving day, cool & overcast. Took Ray & Dixie along to Homer Miller's campers parking beside a Volkswagen "pickup" belonging to some deer bow hunters. Saw no further evidence



of them, except a trail of cough drops, lozenges, chewing gum wrappers etc.

We moved 2 birds about greenbrier corner near old tramroad. after that no more until in rocks well above Smith house to right of Reshent Run headwaters (with two refushes). At top of mountain in excellent grass cover, moved 2 more from myself. Later, feel Dixie bumped both of them. Finally, creaked into woods on margin of old weathering place and moved one a second time. Then, with no sign of bird from Dixie, I walked into a new one that almost climbed my face. The flush was so vertical and so sudden that the bird was straight above me and passing back over my head before I could mount. Turning, I tried a "#1 from high trap," shot that might or might not have been successful but not almost all of my pattern ended in a maple tree, well up.

We tried to refush but failed and on return on top of ridge moved one of the first two. Moved the other down the path at a few yards beyond the place I decided to step into the woods. On way down the mountain on the old Over trail, Dixie bumped another - #7 - by ground tracking.

That young lady is being a genuine problem this season. Too intense and fast, with none of her caution indicated her first two seasons. I am consistently calling her in to make her stay, after rebuffment, at every flush that I can detect, and the above on #7 would suggest that she is getting the message, for she came in very remorsefully. But it has reached the place, with Ruff unable to move out near him birds, where I have not had



any game on dog work for so long I no longer remember what  
it is like. Somewhere, sometime, something is going to give. I have  
about abandoned hope of using feathers any more this year other than  
as a flushing factor in dove cover. If shadows doesn't pan out soon,  
we'll also get the brush-B. Puff is my only reliable dog, and  
I am beginning to despair of ever making one out of Dixie at this rate,  
either you care, or you don't, and there is no half-way ground. I  
ask myself if I have been too soft?

Mark 7 - 14 flashes

Dixie

1 shot - no hit

Friday 25 November Day stayed home with Dixie & Feathers - the  
two "difficult" ones at the moment, while I took Puff &  
shadows to the Hayman Rodchaver place. (I'd planned taking shadows  
on a solo hunt but Puff wore me down.)

Mr. Rodchaver greeted me cordially and with - "speaking of  
the Devil ..." Mr. Rodchaver is old enough to still call grouse "pheasants"  
(but had not seen any). To my discomfort, I was unable to locate the  
old paths I count on to get thru that country. Without them, you  
drag thru tangles of rib-shin briars with fifteen-foot festoons  
hanging to your ankles. No I hunted to the far fork of the run  
with the high cliff ledge I did not reach until I reached  
the swampy area above Rodchaver's and then this did not look



familiar. Two birds flushed here, and I think I got one reflex after that, nothing - and so I worked my way, with effort, to the car. It was after five when I stopped at the upper pier belonging to Hayman R. and began hunting the darkening valley of Beaver Creek above the bridge. It had been decreasingly cool and overcast most all day and it was getting cooler now. In the hemlock-shrubland cover along the stream Ruff made a point that proved productive when shadows moved the bird out of the thick cover - putting it across the stream. We covered the right ridge up and back, crossing to the lower side <sup>of the main road</sup> and back.

It was fast becoming dusk and I pushed into a path on the left side of Beaver <sup>Creek</sup> <sup>damp</sup> above the road, hoping to meet the <sup>3rd</sup> bird again. In a small clearing, grown high with weeds, shadows plunged ahead, passing a clump of quince and low thicket. Ruff followed on a path but at the clump, wheeled left and froze.



RIGHT THERE, GEORGE.

When Ruff points he says, very clearly, "There, George, is a bird." No messing around, no nervous working up and barking. It is an



experience I haven't enjoyed too often in recent years, but I was  
very deliberate, stepping back for a better view of the flush. Even  
so, I must have been off in some way, for when the bird burst  
out, crossing left for a yard or so, then wheeling direct away, low  
and still behind some thickets, I fired feeling certain of it —  
missed — and in a last effort to drop it, tried the left barrel  
as it made the trees. It went on. It was the best point of the  
season and certainly I would like to have dropped that grouse more  
than any other, but I didn't. I don't feel quite so bitterly now,  
here in front of the fire, but at the time it seemed like the drops.  
I pushed into that darkening cover and made two wide circles but  
made nothing. At last I walked the road <sup>to the car</sup> in the near dark with  
the moon up there in the trees. Ruff was nice about it and I know  
felt the importance of two pieces of work — lovely in that way that  
only Ruff can do a point. I don't expect to ever have another like him.  
Very fresh and pert, he moved well ahead of me on the road,  
keeping up with shadows. I feel this cover is too barren to spend  
time on for some years to come (at least the actual Podcham place).

4 hrs. +

ward 3 - 5 flushes

2 shots - no hits

Ruff: 2 productive

shadows



Saturday 26 November

Ray joined me to hunt Apple Doves 60

using Buff & Feather and Dixie & Shadows. On the way - a  
~~cloudy~~ <sup>summy</sup> day, not too cool - the country was lovely November in  
a stroke of unbeliably good weather. A flock of sheep; and  
rocks on a high pasture all facing the same way like cattle  
grazing. We drove further down the old road and parked at  
the falls, taking a turn with the rangers for about an hour or  
less, moving their grouse. Some beech on the slopes above the  
road. Then starting a bit late, we took off with the blues,  
keeping above the dense thicket on the right side of the hollow.

At the point where we plunged them the tangle to go into  
the tributary hollow we <sup>promptly</sup> moved 2 birds. Would we, Ray asked.  
Have moved the birds at any place as had gone into this cover?  
I think we may well have. We followed one of the grouse for two  
flights into the head of a little draw where, from the path, I  
approached the flush. I knew the bird was there as certainly as  
of both dogs were pointing - which they weren't. As Shadows  
plunged down over, the bird flushed below and quartering right  
at a wide angle. I waited the proper time, mounted and fired  
but the bird went on. I felt myself pull ahead of it, and  
think that I am stationary towards the certain way to miss.





You must wait, then  
overtake and swing  
them.

We hunted hard and in what seemed a sure location in  
a corner of woods but the grouse must have milled on past to  
the hollow. We had too little time to follow and so headed  
down the main valley along a path that lay midway between  
the high path and the one I had followed back the first day.

But in the tangle of greenberries and grapevines at the beginning of  
the ridge I creaked, hoping to meet one of the other grouse we had seen  
glide into this area, with no success. Then as I approached the  
small gully where I'd flushed a pair before, I walked into a  
bird that exploded from a tangle a few yards above me, quartering  
left and rising. I focussed on it before mounting, then first as I  
overtook it, and saw it tumble - a solid hit. That wonderful  
experience. The wait, the overtake and  
shot as you go them. All the misses  
of the past days - and the days with  
no shots, disappear when you  
make one.



Shadows was there while the birds were winging and he  
made the retrieve - a large adult cock. High ratio of cocks



this year. Day got a movie of the delivery - of the bird, and  
my broad grin. Then we hunted on, as the sun dropped toward  
the high mountain across the valley.

This is a glorious covert with that sense of unlimited birds  
in vast areas. We worked down the middle path moving birds  
regularly - but with no further shots. One was, I believe, the  
bird I missed double the other day, for he climbed up and over the  
hog-back ridge in the same way, and I could see his ruffs and  
his long neck it seemed, silhouetted against the sky. We made  
it around the ridge and I took a circle up the other side which  
they wanted and saw a deer (a buck, the felt) was out from me  
and the dogs.

It must have been after 5:30 when we started back up  
the lower path, moving a bird a two, and it was close to dark when  
I worked our way down across the tributary - ending at a short  
distance as the easiest path - then on and crossing the main stream  
and up to the road below the pine planting with only a moon to  
light us back the long tramp to the car. A fine last day of the  
pre-deer season period. What a covert!

2nd { 1st { Rufous 2, 1st  
7 others }  
2nd { 1st { 1 kill, 1 net,  
Doves : 1 kill  
around 13 (3 new) - 15 flushes.  
2 shots - 1 hit

adult cork: semi-solid

crops: full of grapes, 1 piece of leaf



So far, in a season of exceptional weather, I have hunted 31 days  
of grouse (and 2 days for woodcock exclusively).

So far 40 shots - 16 hits: 40% GROUSE

" " 20 shots - 10 hits: 50% WOODCOCK

<sup>221</sup>  
birds - 321 flushes  
~~200 shots = 7.68 per~~  
35 coverts = 6.31 per  
Covert

RUFF: 22 days / 5 kills / 4 prod / 4 net / DIXIE: 28 / 13 / 9 (1) / 7 / FEATHERS: 18 / 5 / 3 / 5 / SHADOWS: 19 / 10 / 0 / 5

Monday 5 December

And that above record seems to have  
<sup>no doubt my first hypoglycemia.</sup>

thrown me into some state of tension (most likely my concern over  
dog work) with my usual post-season doldrums showing up in the  
fast off-week of deer season, complicated with further symptoms.

Today, a lovely 60° sunny day - Indian Summer without the  
color - and Ray & I took Ruff alone to the Hendershell place.

We made 4 birds for 5 flushes with no chance to shoot and no  
productivity, but for a late afternoon (4-6:30) hunt it was  
sheer pleasure to follow a dog that was hunting for me and not  
bumbling birds. Ruff sound his responsibility and ranged out wide  
(for him), working beautifully. One <sup>empty</sup> point at sundown was  
the old teamwork: Ruff holding till I walked in, then turning his head  
to me he moved on cautiously. Too bad there was no bird. He was  
still out ahead trying at dark when we came out of the woods, with  
a green gold sky over Chestnut Ridge. A good day with good people.

made 4 not new  
no shots

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center



Wednesday 7 December

Took Ray to the George Ringer country - his first trip. Used Ruff & Dixie. fairly dry, tho very cold and cloudy, quiet in woods after last inter rain. Started late, about 3:30, leaving car on Kellys, hunting up tributary opposite. Ward #1 in low basin - Dixie going down at command and striking scent but ground trailed - not pointing - into bird that rose below me. Intervening cover obscured my shot - a rising right-quarter that I missed after a restrained wait, feeling myself shoot behind it. Ward #2, then #3 & #4 from rhododendron hillside further up hollow. We ate lunch on edge of the old Quoniam Place (deserted) then walked back toward Beaver, Miss Dixie moving #5 on crest of slope - no view.

Our tributary above Ringer cabin, Dixie made a nice point in rho. along stream - then pounced in. This is what is happening consistently with that young lady. In gross woods there is little opportunity to correct this, and so we resolved to take her to the Pleasant preserve at Arthursdale for some work.

Ward #7 on left side of the creek at edge of road - no shots. Poor sport but a good dogs air. Ruff seemed to tire a bit (I've been working him without dilating) but I think the factor is lack of regular rest periods which I've been skipping a bit. Also, he does better when he has sole responsibility.

Ward 7 - 7 flushed  
One shot - no hit

George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center



Friday 9 December Took Don Stors to Forest. Beautiful  
sunny cold day (in 20's°) with about an inch of snow left from  
yesterday. Used Dixie & Madson, parking at "Hope School" ranger  
cabin and hunting out to old Ryan fields and food plot. This  
seems a total waste of effort, altho the cover of the evergreen patches  
would seem desirable. The stand of kafir corn & millet was  
empty — no grouse tracks anywhere near, tho we hunted the  
woods surrounding. Finally moved our base from tangle of vines  
near a pine stand — last contact with birds altho we saw tracks of  
one more later on. Hunted back to ridge road, crossed and down  
trail to head of Glade, up Glade to ski-run road (and new  
dam) then woods far too open. In fact almost 100% of the Forest  
is now gone out of grouse cover. Instead of ski-runs and shooting  
breaks, they need fifty or more half-acre clearings with brush left,  
to make grouse habitat — better yet, a large tract cutting —  
preferably in strips. Dixie & Madson hunted nicely, not too  
wide. Don returned for dinner.  
Dixie  
Madson  
no shots  
one — one flush

---



50 71

Saturday 10 December To Herman Dillow place, down left side to Big Sandy below Rockwell. Used Dixie & Ruff, who acted very silly for first twenty minutes, then settled down to nice work, with Dixie carefully searching the thick brush and cut-over sides along the path. Ray & I followed a log road around the shoulder to Big Sandy dropping down to the small set near the big falls (which we did not see). No birds all the way, nor in the bottom where we doubled back. The day began sunny - very cold - with snow still an inch deep, but clouded over about the time we started up a log road climbing the ravine back toward the Wilhelm place. No fox, not even a grouse track, tho lots of fox tracks.

On the way up the path, Ruff swung left, winged with his head high, and went odd, pointing up the bank. I ~~let~~ Dixie come in and, feeling it important to have her establish a point rather than backpoint, I did not stop her. She moved in, however, with no point and flushed the bird which went thru low cover preventing a shot. Next time it will be otherwise. Ruff's performance was gratifying.

Further on, Dixie moved on up over the ridge, whether with point or not. We walked to the top, ate lunch under increasing cloud cover moving in with bitter cold wind. This area is closely cut-over, will improve in a few years, and is vast country - but at present there are no grapes to consider. Worth a magnificent view down Big Sandy and across to Poozle. Working across the top, we moved #3 from a Tangle where I was expecting a bird (another dog present) but it followed the pattern of



going out the one impossible path for a shot. We crossed to the Dillons' <sup>40/72</sup>  
Pine hollow, hunted down and over the stream and at after 5:00  
entered the hemlocks near the point. We moved on grouse almost at  
once, another on over Dixie's point (she moved in) and in following the  
first bird, flushed what I call a third one. This nearly developed into a  
shot. The grouse came out of a hemlock (perhaps on the ground) about  
me — piping — and, unable to find it against the dark background  
in this light, I waited until I saw it crossing higher against the  
sky. Trees prevented my taking it as a high crosser, and I held off and  
swung ahead as it quartered overhead. I don't know why the shot failed  
but the bird pitched, unlit, to the stream far below. Disappointing.

There must be something in the timing — this,  
overhead — away shots are my most troublesome.  
Probably I do not come thru the bird and  
fire ahead, but instead pull up ahead and  
fire, which even swinging, does not work for me.

AGAINST THE SKY.

at the car we stopped to see Homer Dillon and his wife in their new old  
house folded in by spruce and hemlock trees

Mixed 6 (3 new) - 6 flushes

One shot - no hit

Both R & D made a double  
point at dark that could have  
been where the bird had flushed

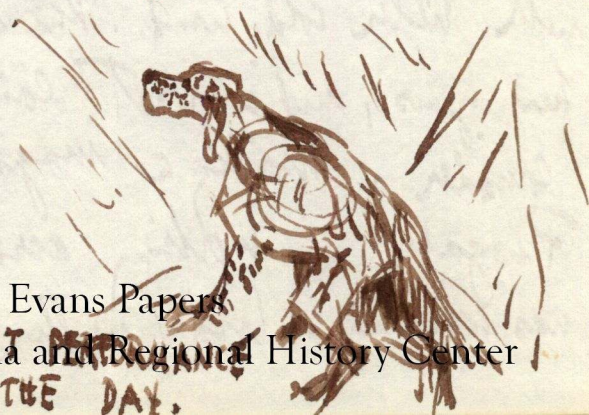
Ruff: 1 productive

Dixie: 1 productive

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

OF THE DAY.





Monday 26 December Frustrated by both snow and cold, this was the first time out in two weeks. Eight inches of snow still everywhere with roads glary icy. For my after-Christmas hunt, I took Ruff & Dixie to the Wilkerson place. Dixie moved one bird near the top that Ruff, I think, moved on the next flock. Little sound and no chance to shoot. Other than this bird which had laid a track that might have been one of two sets, I saw no other tracks, did a new. No birds all the way to Wilkerson edge, back down to Warm Run, up the run to the bridge, crossed and down the far side of the valley in what had become a miserable cold rain that was soaking thru my coat in back. Hunted to the car, and saw two birds flush from Dixie — one on steep rhododendron bank, the other from the flat between log road and the creek — both going up over the ridge above. The weather was too rough to stay out in and follow. Ruff  
Dixie  
2 1/2 hours. Saw 3 - 4 flushes  
no shots

Wednesday 28 December My 54th birthday. Yesterday took Mother home, passing up a sunny but cold day. Today started sunny and warmer. We all went to the sterling preservation to celebrate the day. Got a rather late start and the



weather clouded over as we drove to Arthurdale, but it remained pleasant. Lots of snow - 6 inches or more - everywhere. We checked in <sup>about 8:30</sup> and started hunting our Ruff & Dixie. Dixie was too overwrought and would not get out and hunt, being uncertain and hysterical so I had to return to the car and leave Ruff.

Calling Shadows to face Dixie - Decided to move on out the road after talking to two hunters (only others out) who were coming in. They had seen 15 (and heard later they had shot 12 of them)

Parked once more, we cast off Shadows & Dixie and ~~the~~ <sup>she</sup> hunted well enough with S to lead the way. In a nice little swamp <sup>below</sup> where I was standing, both dogs were working; Dixie a few yards from the bank. Suddenly a cock pheasant made a false start (I don't know whether D pointed) and as Dixie moved in, took off in a vertical rise, away-right. I held off for the focus, mounted and fired as I came on time and saw the bird fold - a most gratifying experience. Dixie was on it for the retrieve, took some time doing the job but the bird looked half as long as she was. She brought it in with Key getting it on film - an excellent way to begin any <sup>tutelage</sup> after Key changed to a new roll of film, we hunted





as up the ramp, being  
prevented from going into  
the thick cover by the soft  
underfooting below the snow.  
To our surprise, we moved nothing  
all the way to the upper  
end where we encountered a  
drain carrying off water used in

children by - product manufacture - a horrible odor. We curled  
and hunted back down to the car to get Feathers (who was pitiful  
in his anguish) and Rufus for a second turn. The sun had come out  
on the last hour of the day and we were hopeful of birds at the  
upper end but found none - only a few tracks. It takes a while  
to learn to hunt any preserve.

We drove back to the fork in  
the road, parked again, and for the  
last 15 minutes, took Feathers and Dixie -  
usually a lethal combination. But



DIXIE BRINGS IT IN.

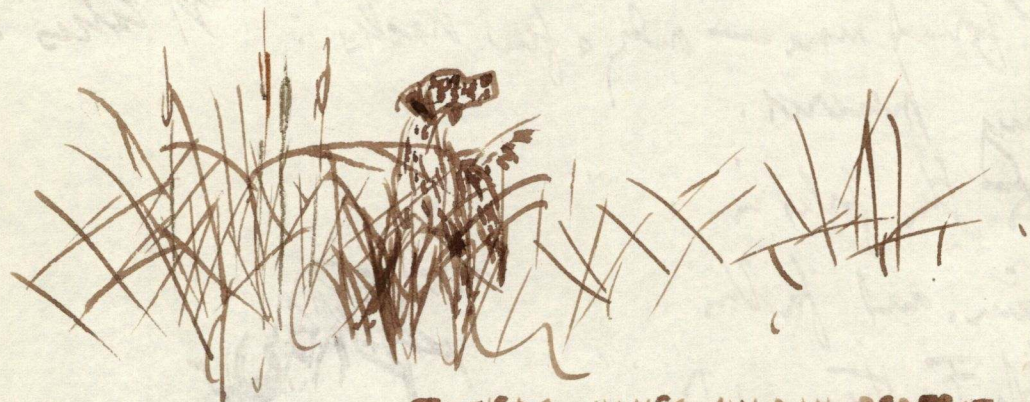
Feathers seemed on good behavior and Dixie was not really hunting well.

In a nice looking corner below the road, alders, scrub and  
a tangle of cat tail reeds, I sent Feathers in to hunt it out.

Shadows had been there it or out first and I still had



right to me. Feathers boomed in, bisected the corner, curved below and again entered. After a cast on the far edge he turned to come out and, seeing me, but went with his head up. I saw it register on him, saw him stop to a point, but wagging, get more solid. Then as he, I think, moved into the reeds another step or two, a cork exploded, clanked vertically. I let it level, my gun stock tucked against my ribs, then overtook and fired going thru. It caught <sup>the bird</sup> ~~him~~ solidly and it fell without another flutter.



FEATHERS MAKES MY DAY PERFECT.

Disse: return / present  
Feathers: prod. on  
of ret. present

The retriever was a marvel of sheer pride, with Feathers' head so high I think he was walking on his toes. We called it too good to go on, returning to the car after no more than ten minutes out! An excellent battle.





Saturday 31 December Our New Years Eve hunt. Weather

still, or should I say Winter still, abominable. Yesterday we started for the Houndsell corner, only to hang up on glaring ice at Charles Kelly's. Saw up and spent 2 hours coming home, hanging up trees, installing chains and backtracking literally in reverse from the Winter Oak hill to the chiron Snow road. Today we found Hermann Dillow and got a "clear" report on the road to Hudson & Mt. Melo, where we parked. The day itself was lovely, sunny at first, but underfoot there is half a foot of snow. We hunted the upper piece to Dillows, then down the right side of valley to Rockville bridge, making nothing. The scenery was beautiful but I need more than that. (Note for future hunt: the old road that climbs from ~~Rockville~~ <sup>Dellow Run</sup> bridge up the ridge on the right of Big Sandy.)

after Kay took a walk of the falls above Dellow Run bridge, we hunted up the right side of Dellow. Ruff pointed and Dixie out ahead found and pointed (as think) but the bird pitched to the left, not far on. I saw her on a lovely high-headed point, toward the hillside I cautioned her to stay but I might have been whispering. She walked up and I saw the bird go out well ahead. What is the answer?

That, other than coffee & ~~fresh~~ cookies at the Dillows and a betwalk to the car via the woods rather than the icy road, was it. Ruff

made 2 (not new) no photo

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

Dixie: 2 productives  
Ruff & Dixie did hold them



Monday 2 January Frozen snow clinging to all trees and brush. Ray stayed home with Feathers (good judgement) while I took Ruff, Dixie & Shadows to the Spiker place above the bridge on Little Sandy. Walking was awkward, but the frozen stuff on the branches did not, at least, sift off unless I had to blow them down. We saw tracks almost immediately. Then a grouse bored out of a hemlock overhead and I tried for a too - short look at the bird, and missed.

ahead, Shadows moved

#2 from above the path.

a bit beyond this, I saw fresh looking tracks and decided to follow them. Spent twenty minutes and went up the steps back and down to where #2 had flushed! No tracks along the path with a concentration in dense hemlocks below the Beaver Hole but no birds. Circling the triangular field I came on a pair of tracks leading the opposite direction. Assuming they had been hours old, I back-tracked and Dixie moved a bird at their source (as tho it had not moved out of its overnight quarters). No more birds all the way back the top and down the road. The sharp rime has enhanced the coast and considering the tracks, there must be at least 8 grouse in here. Worth visiting in better weather.

March 3 - 3 fleyers  
1 shot - no hit

George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Ruff  
Dixie  
Shadows



Friday 6 January Snow still with no hot weather began  
sunny overhead, clouding as we drove to the Preserve for the  
2nd visit. Six or more men out ahead of us but I had planned  
in and was told they were releasing 30 birds. However, 20 or more had  
been shot by the time we arrived about 2:00, but from then on  
everyone but one lone hunter had left and we had the place to  
ourselves, not being aware of him.

We started out with Puff & Dixie, working the strip between  
the road and the swamp. It took us some time until our first  
contact, a lovely point by Dixie. In spite of my command to stay  
(I must remember she responds better to hunt!) she pounced in  
and flushed, a cock that crossed the run. Again, near the upper  
cross road, she moved a hen out of gun range - I can't say whether  
over a point or not.

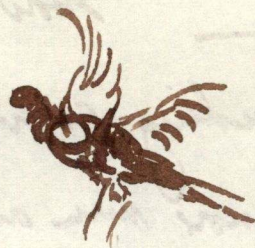


IF SHE WOULD  
ONLY HOLD.

We crossed the  
breast of the lake on  
the truck road, and  
immediately saw tracks  
on the far margin of  
the swamp. The ground

is broken here by strip mine workings and as we climbed down a slope  
toward the alders, Dixie - working ahead - moved two cocks. Both were  
coming our way and I waited, taking the lead bird as a left-crossing  
shot - dead centered. As he tumbled, the other veered away and I  
made no effort to shoot.





a big long-tailed cock,

My bird was out cold, and Dixie

made the retriever — not a very stylish job. Half as large as she was, the load was more than she wanted to carry but she brought it nearly all the way in the much readjusting of holds. Puff refused to move then mouth it, influenced I suppose by Dixie's having handled it.

We hunted down the left bank of the run — a big area (that should hold lots of birds) I hadn't been conscious of being there.

It took us longer than I had planned and it was almost five when we crossed toward the station again to change dogs. It seemed queer that we hadn't made birds since the shot.

As I reached the car and the road I saw a large cock run from the upper side cross and enter the woods below. Taking Puff and Dixie up the road, I sent Dixie toward the place it crossed and I took Puff into the ravine and worked up. Dixie but the sent immediately

and began working in. I don't think she pointed, altho it is possible, but as I waited with workmen's cars moving along the road about me, I knew my shot might be limited. ~~at last~~ the bird flushed —



just as another car came into sight. I waited for the cock to fly further before swinging - then shot and tumbled it. The bird was not killed and I saw it try to escape into the thicket as Dixie overtook it. She mouthed it but refused the retriever until at last I called her to me, and sent Puff to retrieve. He brought it in, still alive, or partially, and had to change grips, ending with a grasp over the shoulder, and he didn't sit to deliver. Sometimes I wonder if pheasants impress him much.

I tried to dispatch the bird but with no rock a tree near I had to wing its neck. Still flopping it created a problem and, approaching a stump I struck first my gun barrel by error, then the bird against the snag, disconnecting the head except for the esophagus. What a mess!



SOMETIMES I WONDER IF RUFF LIKES THEM.

With time running out, we changed to Shadows & Feathers, - covering the lower end of the swamp but finding only tracks instead of birds. ~~Feathers moved what seemed to be a crippled bird just able to fly.~~ ~~all the way~~ Up to the crossing still no birds the both dogs worked beautifully together - a surprise! Planning to cross and hunt down the far side again, we had got half way across the dam when I heard a bird flush behind us and then to see that



Feathers had uncovered one from somewhere — a hen that was  
forming straight at us. Perfectly confident, I ~~let~~ let it  
come overhead then mounted and fired as it went away — left  
overhead. To my amazement it went on and I fired again and  
again it didn't fold but crossed the left bank and coiled  
low into cover near a little run.



These overhead-away shots are my  
blind spots. I think I may  
swing too far ahead. Also I believe

I'LL NEVER KNOW WHY.

I didn't wait long enough before mounting. I should have let it  
get further out and fired "right with it." Still, I can't be sure.

We followed the bird, got a near point from both dogs when I expected  
it, only to have a cock flush beyond and out of range. Unable to  
locate either bird again we made the long walk back to the car.

Hunting the edge near the road. No birds. My day ended on an  
off note — my first miss on pheasants after four straight hits.

4 shots (pheasants) 2 hits (Diced one (dead)  
1 hit  
(Puff - 1 hit)

It is a lot of fun.



Saturday 7 January Ray & I took Shadows & Dixie to the Muddy Creek country above the Wolf place, in order to stay on main roads. This is beautiful territory but with this much snow on the ground - mean. We saw some old tracks in the first tributary valley but no birds (lots of beech, with nuts, I'd forgotten). On the ridge just below the farmhouse we were hunting along a path. Below and to the left, I saw Shadows slam into a lovely point and within a second, the grouse bored out completely out of range. Shadows broke at flush and a second grouse came up, crossing and rising, to the right. I fired by mere instinct and the bird dropped. These are the ones you would not take if you wanted to "focus clearly", are the ones you so often miss when you do. And yet, on occasion, <sup>when</sup> you bring it off as in this case, it is a thrilling part of grouse shooting.



SHADOWS SLAMS  
INTO A GOOD ONE.

Not to be cheated of any of the glory. Shadows made the find and the retriever - a yearling hen and a small one for this season.

We hunted on to the farmhouse (~~deserted~~ <sup>empty</sup> at present), saw Feather's chicken house, took a movie of the purple ridge (trees in bad shape for next spring) and then hunted down to Muddy, carefully avoiding bird #2 which had come this way.



Changed plans to hunt downstream immediately when we saw a nice  
log road, snow chocked, leading up the flat bottom. Then excellent  
cover. There were tracks but no birds. Left going until we came to a  
bridge crossing to the other side, and decided to hunt back that  
side of the valley to the car. It was a long trek but there find  
cover, up a road to the Hume Lumber place, along the ridge and  
to the strip, operations at lower end, flushing #3. We had difficulty  
working our way down over the high wall to the hard top road where I  
waited with Dixie & Shadows while Ray (weakened) walked for the  
station wagon and picked us up. Then this deep snow it made a  
tiring hunt. Nice work by Shadows.

March 3 - 3 flushes  
One shot - 1 hit

Shadows: 1 prod  
1 kill over point  
1 retrieved  
Dixie: 1 kill

yearling hen: interrupted  
crops: few fern leaves.

~~~~~

⁹
Wednesday 11 January More snow last Sunday further bitching up
chances to get into good covers. By today I decided to try the
James Spiker covert on Little Sandy, taking Puff & Dixie and parking
at the Reynolds place. Snow on the knuckles on Spiker's side was as
deep as last time, as fluffy and unchanged as if it had fallen
this morning but at least it was not clinging to branches and trees
and it was possible to push through the thickets and bushes without having

4 down my neck. Saw tracks in the first area but not the birds
I missed last time. Dixie, who was hunting beautifully, moved a
pair of birds just beyond the little run, and then crossed Sandy out
of reach. Moved one of the groups whose tracks I'd found in deep huckleberry
near Brown Creek but did not see it. Circling the triangle field, I paused for
lunch standing in the lovely sunshine. Then out to far side and
up into the covert where we'd found two last time. This time we moved
3, followed up into larger cover up Beaver unsuccessfully - too much
snow to work well, doubling back top of ridge to point of land above Sandy.
Cutting back thru the corner where we'd moved 3 a few minutes before, we
~~we~~ worked it again, higher, moving 3 more! Followed one up, over to
the strip mine on top and at lower margin Dixie went into a lovely
point. I cautioned her to stay but she moved in and bumped the
bird which went over the spot pile out of range. Could not find it.
I have discovered that Dixie will hold to command but! and must
remember to use that to steady her.

Unable to give up on the birds back over the hill, I returned and
flushed one from a small huckleberry above Dixie who was working its point on
the point. The bird offered me a fair chance except that it was between
the fork of a tree and I felt myself stop my barrels and missed.
Discouraged, I circled below and as I walked under a big huckleberry, heard
a flock overhead and glimpsed the group thru branches, well out. I

swung them and fired and secured the bird shouting, not tumbling.
It was out of view in an instant and I could only guess where it
went down or if I had really hit it. Dixie hunted hard to
commence, as did Puff, but we reached the edge of the field with no bird
in evidence. Doubling back I kept Dixie
hunting hard but with no results. Re-locating
the humlock I had been under, I estimated
the fall again and ended in a dense rhododendron
humlock thicket with logs and rocks covered by
snow.



JUST A GLIMPSE.

Dixie worked her way thru and across them pausing and pointing,
head extended. I let her work it out with no interference and I saw
her circle thru the cover several times, but each time emerge
empty-mouthed — disheartening when I seemed about to happen.
When I saw her in one spot head down and tail active — the way
they are when they are located the bird. I hurried up and saw that she
did not have the bird but had her head in a space between rocks.
When I arrived, she changed position and worked her way into a
larger crevice, going entirely underground. She emerged with no feathers
but re-entered the hole again and again, only to come out without
the grouse. Puff tried to get down in and it was clear that the
grouse was in there but uncertain that we would find it. I tried to
reach down but the space was too narrow and too dark for me to see
well. at last, my eyes passed enough to see the bird's tail feathers,

as the grouse crouched, wedged into a fur crevice. I couldn't reach it and was uneasy it would crawl further down. I sent Dixie back into the hole and while she tried to dislodge it, she seemed afraid of the cramped situation coming out without it. Again I sent her in, encouraging her to "fetch it here". This time I saw her dig at the bird, and begin to back out, and again hesitate, getting crosswise in the hole, evidently afraid to carry the bird from fear of being stuck. This time she brought it out, forward. It was a yearling hen, alive, unfortunately, and I dispatched it and let Ruff find and retrieve it. Like last Saturday's bird it was exceptionally small for this time of year.



UP FROM THE BOTTOM.

Dixie's performance was a brilliant one and she seemed to savor it. Her nose is outstanding and she made a lovely find.

On the way back she made a point, unproductive, but I stopped her with but, and she held perfectly while I walked in to determine the bird, if any. That, I think, is the method to use. A gratifying day, but, again, I regret these cripples. A too risky shot, but I wonder if I could have stopped the reflexes?

Mead 9 (7mm) - 12 flurries

2 shots - 1 hit

yearling hen: center crop: few grapes.

feathers missing

Dixie: 1 prod. 1 kill 1 ret.

George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Next day Thursday, with more hope than success, we took off in glorious sunshine for Blackwater to hunt the last 3 days of the week. It even looked like less snow on the exposed areas as we approached Davis. Reserved Cabin 22, then to Canaan Mt. above Devil Run and parked at the "No Litter" sign. Ten steps off the road and we were wallowing in snow to our knees, sinking in places into crevices between rocks. Grant held some and would have supported some shots but, as they said, when you have to hunt on snow show its time to stop. After an hour, we did - Buzz & Fathers had been very game and we'd seen fresh grouse tracks in greenbrier corner on power line - and cancelling cabin reservation we took a short time to visit Ben & Dorothy Thompson (62" of snow this year) & drove home. Can't count this a days hunt, but we learned a lesson.

Saturday 14 January - Sober day - some clouds but nice to be out. Hard on, deep snow underfoot everywhere and impossible to drive on back roads to good coverts. Buzz & I took Dixie & Shadow to the Scott place, parking on hard top road. Moved first bird in hollow near spot where I'd located the group Dixie's first year - Shadow moving it, mostly moved #2 nearly, flushing it down the hollow with no further contact. Again, Shadow did not spot it. George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

160/89

after Blackwater. - it was still mean everywhere you walked
off a path a over rough rocks & logs. Next contact was after
lunch eaten at Scott place, along one of log roads beyond.
Mowed #3 & #4 within 50 yards, followed both around till there
was a corner; mowed one with for view ahead as we turned back
top of hill. I should not have tried, I suppose, but as the grouse
straightened out and away I did, and missed. Too short a view,
possibly of turning flight. Later mowed ~~a~~ a new bird I think
Got into a miserable tangle of thicket and
moss and no paths - and no birds - and
mashed our way out. Not much pleasure but about
all this month can offer. Doves & Chabons hunted well but
no bird work.

Shabons
Doves

Mowed 5 (3 new) for 6 flocks
One shot - no hit

to date: 47 shots - 18 hits 38.3%

60 91

Post-poned - season pleasant shooting

Monday 20 February The first nice day after snow.
Small areas of snow in shadow but mostly clear ground.
After a blizzard beginning down with Dixie and Shiloh at the lower end,
Ray and I drove all the way to the upper end of the
Sterling Preserve - roads soft with mud - and began
hunting with Puff & Fathens, starting down the right side
of the swamp below the lake. Puff walked into a bird that
seemed to have no scent - a hen that was up and away
much faster than the cocks seem to fly. I dropped it with
the right barrel rather far out - a left quartering shot thru
a thin hedge of trees. Puff found but,
for some odd reason, refused the bird.



WELL, WELL!

It took Fathens a short moment
to make in, locate and retrieve.
Soon after, Fathens made a
cock too far out - a bird that
flushed back out of range. Again, some ten minutes later he
bumped another cock. That was the extent of birds on the first cast
and we returned to the station wagon and changed dogs.

Taking the blues down the far side of the swamp we came to
some workmen who said they had flushed four pheasants. A bit
later we moved a hen that flushed with a hen and stayed there.

pointed, broke point, or simply roared in and bumped - I don't know. We heard a cackle and a flush and, instead of one cock there were two - and possibly another bird. The two cocks came back our way as winners quartering in left. I selected the nearest and lead bird, fired and saw it fall, landing next at the foot of a clump of saplings. The other bird, which I did not care to try for, seemed flustered by the shot and settled not far away. Both dogs were certain it was my hit bird and went for it like two flashes, putting the bird up and over the swamp.



It took a lot of calling to get Dixie in the arrival first, but she scent and pointed, then found and retrieved - a very surprised young lady. Shadows was also a bit

non-plussed when he found us with the dead bird - a nice big cock. Three birds with three shells makes a good day - one left at the preserve so far - and we called it enough.

3 shots - 3 hits pheasants Shadows - 1 mod.
Dixie - 2 retrievers
Fenton - 1 ret.

Thursday 2 March Our fourth trip to the Sterling Preserve.

The weather was a bit windy, cloudy, and underfoot everything was goo. We parked at the upper end and are now, pleased that we had the place to ourselves. Unfortunately that went for the pheasants too, for the thing had released 25 on Friday with only one collected, we were able to make only two.

The right side yielded nothing tho I think I never saw Dixie & Shadows work better together. Taking Ruff & Feathers to

the far side we hunted all the way down to the lower end before we made a thing (tho I think I saw woodcock whitewash in the flooded swamp). We heard Feathers bark at a tree bird and

heard a cock cackle. But on arriving, found instead, a hen perched in a tree (the same tree bird from last time?). I did what I should have known better than to do - walked under and flushed it out by shaking a sapling - then pulled on it too close up and missed twice as the bird fluttered away. Why don't I let them get out a piece?

Within a few moments after reloading, a cock flushed from Feathers and came back right on me. I took my time, ^{mounted and} swung them and tugged on a locked trigger. Recovering, I pushed the safety off and dropped the bird going away.



SAFE WITH SAFETY ON!

DEAD.

Feather was in, alert of the retriever, and in a moment made the find, delivering the bird with its wings covering his eyes. I tossed the bird out again and let Ruff retrieve which he did nicely.



RETRIEVING BLIND.

Feeling better after my hit, we hunted further down the swamp.

Feather crossed the high water and flushed a hen that probably was the one I had missed. It cut back between us, too far out to try - then as it came closer our side, I swung thru it but missed, using the left barrel. I am not sure of those distant shots.



We could not refresh the bird nor find others. Ray was tired and stayed at the car while I took the blues again and worked the alders and little run above the dam. We moved no pheasants but flushed two woodcock, corroborating my impression of wintering. Interesting to note that they are returning north this early - March 2. Today was the first day I had not killed my two birds but felt the one well worth the \$5. Did however feel off-form with my vision bothering me somewhat. Certainly did ragged shooting.

4 shots - 1 hit. Pheasant

Ruff - 1 net }
Feather 1 net }

Shobens

Summary

The feature of this past season was Ruff's amazing condition, hunting 22 days on grouse, in better shape, it seemed than the season before. We began giving him dilantin as last year, together with a geriatric vitamin capsule at beginning of each hunt. But we found we could do without the dilantin, using only the heavy vitamin dose. We also did without the phenobarbital-rutin tablets. Too, I started hunting Ruff without my wearing the bell as last year, using instead my mouth "clicking" signal. It seemed to confuse him less, with his finding a lot of his old self-confidence, altho' he still did a lot of checking in. But he was wonderful, with a rest every 30 minutes and care not to hunt him on hot days. He made ~~four~~ ^{four} productions and four retrievals. And, most important, had a ball - hunting with the attitude that he would be doing it for another ~~thirteen years~~ fourteen seasons.

A less pleasant aspect of the season was my concern with Dixie who did not perform nearly as well as she was capable of doing. As a result, my year was largely one of tensions that built up to a climax about the end of November. I hope I can control this next year and I think hunting Dixie alone - or at least only with Ruff if he can go, will

be best. Dixie made ~~1~~ ¹ production - too few - but she
has the potential and may still come thru.

My days were too often shared with companions other
than Ray, and next year that will be changed.

The weather was bad, all December too snowy, and
the January season nearly nothing ^{due} to snow and more snow.

My shooting wasn't as bad as it might easily have been -

18 out of 47 - 38.3%.

and I am glad I had no premonition that this was
to be Feather's last season.

DATA 1960 GROUSE

GEORGE
54

41 DAYS 40 COVERTS

47 SHOTS - 18 HITS 38.3%

251 BIRDS - 370 FLUSHES

6.27 BIRDS/COVERT

RUFF
13½

29 DAYS

5 PRODD.

6 KILLS

5 RETRIEVES

LIFE '47-'60

544 PRODD.

247 KILLS (53 OVER PT.)

170 RETRIEVES

387 HUNTING DAYS

FEATHERS
8½

18 DAYS

3 PRODD.

5 KILLS

5 RETRIEVES

LIFE '52-'60

31 PRODD.

112 KILLS (3 OVER PT.)

83 RETRIEVES

181 HUNTING DAYS

LAST SEASON

SHADOWS
7½

23 DAYS

1 PRODD.

11 KILLS (1 OVER PT.)

6 RETRIEVES

LIFE '53-'60

14 PRODD.

72 KILLS (1 OVER PT.)

27 RETRIEVES

148 HUNTING DAYS

DIXIE
3

36 DAYS

14 PRODD.

15 KILLS (1 OVER PT.)

8 RETRIEVES

LIFE '58-'60

49 PRODD.

52 KILLS (9 OVER PT.)

33 RETRIEVES

96 HUNTING DAYS

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

1960

BIG MOUNTAINS

STONY RIVER O.

(2) { CANAAN MT. 0/11.11.2/20(15).23.1/12(5).14.0
GATES. 4.4.0 / 2(1).3.0/2.2.0

{ BLACKWATER (YELLOW CREEK) 5.7.1
" (CANAAN GAP) 3.3.1

✓ 22 MI. GRADE 8.9.0/0/0/0

(2) CABIN MT. 10.13.2/8.8.1/4(3).4.1
22 MI. "TOP" 5.6.0

DOBBS PLACE 13.18.0

WHITMER (SWALLOW ROCK) 12.17.0

120-168

BUFFALO 8.10.0

BAYARD: CLARENCE FRIEND 11.16.1/2.4.0

{ WILLETS - O (W)
CONWAY. 3.5.0

LITTLE SANDY S. 3.3.0 (TRACKS 4 MORE / 9(7).12.1
MUDDY CREEK 3.3.1

✓ SCOTT PLACE 3.8.0 / 5(3).6.0

✓ HOUDERSHELL 5.6.0/14(9).15.0/4.5.0

HERMAN DILLOW 9.11.1/6(3).6.0/2.2.0

BACK WILKINSON 8.11.0

✓ CLINT RECKERT 5.7.1

(2) WHETSELL 7.9.1/6.8.0

✓ JIM COLLINS 4.6.1

✓ UPPER DORITY 11.14.1/13(3).15.1

✓ HOMER MILLER 7.14.0

RODEHAVER 3.5.0

✓ GEORGE RINGERS 7.7.0

✓ WILKINSON 3.4.0

FOREST: { ENCHANTED VALLEY 8.10.0

{ EVERLYS 4.5.0

ARCHERY RANGE 1.1.0

CUSTER PIERCE
CLAY STEMPLE
ROAD FROM DILLOW BRIDGE

JUNES

SELL (RECKERT)

✓ GUY WILHELM (ROCKVILLE)

✓ UPPER BEAVER MT. DALE

SPURGEON PLACE (POWER LINE)

✓ RODEHAVER

✓ JIM COLLINS

✓ CLINT RECKERT (SMITH)

✓ BACK WILKINSON

✓ DORITY (ALSO BRANCH)

George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center